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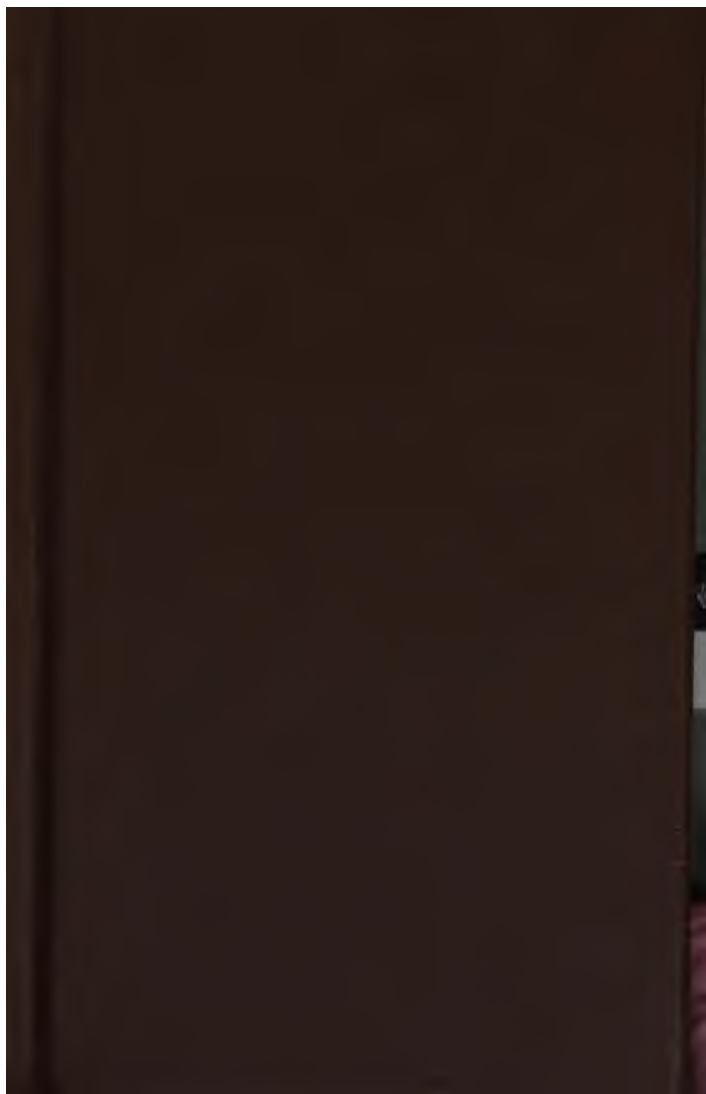
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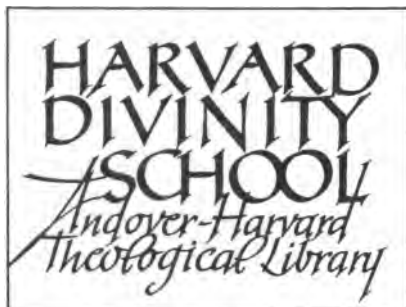
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AN

Account of the Experience

OF

Hester

MRS. H. A. ROGERS.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

With a brief Extract from her Diary.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare
what he hath done for my soul."

PSALM lxxvi. 10.

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1818.

A.

THE
EXPERIENCE
OF
MRS. H. A. ROGERS.

19 May 1982 - 2nd ed. (Columbia) - 100
I WAS born at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, Jan. 31, 1756, of which place my father was Minister for many years; being a Clergyman in the Church of England. He was a man of strict morals, and, as far as he was enlightened, of real piety. I was trained up in the observance of all outward duties, and in the fear of sins, which, in these modern times, are too often deemed accomplishments. I was not suffered to name God but with the deepest reverence; and, once for telling a lie, I was corrected in such a manner as I never forgot. We had constant family prayer; the sabbath was kept strictly sacred; and as far as outward morality, my parents lived irreproachably, and in all social duties, were regular and harmonious.

I was early drawn out to secret prayer. I believed God was the Author of all good, of all happiness; and Sin the cause of all misery and pain. If, therefore, I wished for any thing I had not, I asked God, in secret, to grant it.

of death, for some time
of a little brother of
small pox when I was
great delight in the
time, read any part of
Testament, always asking
understanding of
required that I should
Sabbath evening, of the
heard at church, and so
which they explained
They also required the
Collect for the day, and
other prayers, every night
Collects I also often repeat
great sincerity before the
member going to bed

er, as brought my parents up stairs to see
was the matter. This made a lasting im-
ion: and I never after dared to neglect
ending myself to the protection of God
e I slept. I was, at this time, about six
old.

hen about eight years of age, I heard my
r say he had a very remarkable dream, in
covery from a dangerous illness: that he
before the throne of God, and saw his
. But not being able to gaze upon it, fell
is face in raptures of joy. My mother
if he could describe what he saw; but he
ered, No! It is impossible to convey any
of it; it seemed almost to deprive him of
. She asked, if any thing was spoken to
but he desired her to ask no more respect-
; nor would he ever tell her any more. I
often thought he received some notice in
dream of his approaching dissolution. A
tial change was evident from that time, in
is conduct and tempers. Anger was ever
e a besetting sin, but I never remember to
seen him overcome by it after this. He
more vigilant in public and private duties;
humble and patient under little difficulties
rials; more watchful over the morals of all
nd him; and took more pains than ever to
n my infant mind in all things which led to
. He warned me against reading Novels
lomances; would not suffer me to learn
nce, nor to go on visits to play with those of
vn age. He said it was the ruin of youth
pose they were only to spend their time

expressing, through the whole submission to the will of God, the attainment of a happy eternity. He repeated various Scriptures, aloud; and was continually in the care, his dear wife and children before he died, he called aloud when I came, he took my hand affectionately, and said, "My child, look dejected. You must not be cast down; God hath ever care of me, he will take care of mine. He is my dear, when I am gone. I have a good child, and then you will be a good child." Then laying his hand on my head, he turned his eyes to heaven, and with a sigh never forget, said, — "Unto thy mercies and protection."

my head, quite overpowered me. I fell on my knees, gave vent to a flood of tears; and continued to weep till my eyes were almost swelled up. He died April 10, 1765.

My grief, for some time, would not suffer me to take recreations of any kind; but I would sit and read to my mother, or weep with her. But after a season, I was invited to the houses of relations and friends; and as I soon became a laughing-stock among them for my seriousness, and dislike to their manners and their plays, I began to be ashamed of being so particular. My mother was also now prevailed on to let me learn to dance, in order to raise my spirits, and to improve my carriage, &c. This was a fatal stab to my seriousness, and Divine impressions: it paved the way to lightness, trifling, love of pleasure, and various evils. As I soon made a proficiency, I delighted much in this ensnaring folly. My pride was fed by being admired, and began to make itself manifest with all its fruits. I now aimed to excel my companions, not in piety, but in fashionable dress! and could not rest long together without being engaged in parties of pleasure, and especially in this, (what the world calls) innocent amusement. I also obtained all the Novels and Romances I possibly could, and spent some time, every day, in reading them; though, at first, it was unknown to my mother, who would not then suffer it. After this, I attended plays also. In short, I fell into all the vain customs and pleasures of a delusive world as far as my situation in life would admit; w

even beyond the proper limits of that station God had placed me in. Thus was my precious time mis-spent, and my foolish heart wandering far from happiness and God; yea, urging on to endless ruin! Yet, in all this, I was not left without keen convictions, gentle drawings, and many short-lived, good resolutions; especially till fifteen years of age. God often wrought strongly upon my mind, and that various ways, of which I come now to speak. But, O! how did I grieve and resist the Holy Ghost! How justly might he have given me up; yea, and sealed me over to eternal destruction!

At thirteen years old, namely, in the year 1769, the Bishop of Chester being to hold a confirmation at Macclesfield, I resolved to attend that ordinance, though it was with many fears and much trembling; for I believed till persons were confirmed, they were not alike accountable to God for their own conduct. But when this solemn renewal of the baptismal covenant was made in their own persons; then whosoever did not keep that covenant, must perish everlastingly. I, therefore, endeavoured seriously to understand the import of it, and was deeply convinced I was neither inwardly nor outwardly what it required. The knowledge of this wrought much sorrow, and I formed strong resolutions to lead a new life. Yet sin had so blinded my eyes, that I could not, at this time, believe, or, at least, I would not, that dancing, cards, or attending plays, was sinful. These, therefore, I did not even resolve against. But

solved against anger, pride, disobedience to parent; also the neglect of secret prayer church-going; with all wanderings of heart those duties, and a variety of other evil tempers, &c. which I knew myself guilty of: Having humbled myself before God, fasted and prayed, and, as I vainly thought, fortified myself by these resolutions, of keeping all God's commands in future, I ventured to take upon the solemn vow. But such was my fear and trembling at the time, that when I approached altar I was near fainting; and when I returned to the pew, burst into a flood of tears. It was on Whit-Sunday; and I intended to receive the holy Sacrament the Sunday following. But before it came, I was conscious I had already broken my solemn vows; and, on the reflection, my distress was great, and I had many doubts whether partaking of the Lord's-Supper would not be sealing my own damnation. However, one day, as I was praying, it came into my mind, this holy Sacrament is called a means of grace; surely then it is just what so sinful, helpless a soul wants: I will go to it then as a means whereby to receive strength and grace to conquer sin in future. In this view of that blessed ordinance I found much comfort; and I am now assured it was from the Lord, whom devoutly I was feeling after. I approached the Lord's table, therefore, with renewed vows, and renewed hopes; but, alas! these also were the "morning cloud, and the early dew which passeth away." For several months I repented and sinned, resolved and broke

all my resolutions : sinned and repented again. I dared not to receive the Lord's-Supper, without resolving on a new life ; neither dared I stay from it : nor did I ever attend without being wrought on by the Spirit of God.

The latter end of this year I had a malignant fever, and believed I should die. I felt myself totally unprepared to appear before a holy God and was in great distress : I earnestly entreated him to spare me a little longer, and resolved he would then lead a new life indeed. A patient forbearing God of love listened to my request and did not cut the fig-tree down. One night during this illness, I dreamed my soul was parted out of the body, and I, with three my cousins,* (with whom I had a close intimacy, and who, I thought, had left the body also,) were waiting in dreadful expectation being summoned to the bar of God : and we believed our doom would be everlasting damnation ! My sins all appeared as in array against me in the court of conscience, and my motion was stopped : I had no plea whatsoever, hope, for it seemed that the justice of God must unavoidably sentence me to endless misery which I felt to be my real desert ; and was I wailing my own folly with bitter cries and lamentations. Their employ, I thought, was to

* N.B. These three cousins were Robert Roe, (whose experience and death are related in the *Arminian Magazine*;) and two of his sisters, Mary and Frances. They are all now asleep in Jesus, and their happy spirits are joining before his throne ; though, at the time of the dream, they were utterly unawakened.

me; each for ourselves, dreading the worm that dieth not, and the fire which never shall be quenched! When suddenly there appeared a cloud of uncommon brightness, and soon after a glorious angel descended in the cloud, and stood before us, clothed in white, and a majesty and beauty not to be described. We beheld his approach with trembling awe, and almost an agony of despair: believing he was sent to summon us to appear and receive the deserved, but dreadful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed!" But, to our inconceivable surprise, he smiled on us with heavenly sweetness, and said, "The Lord Jesus Christ has forgiven all your sins, and washed you in his own blood, and I am come to bid you enter into the joy of your Lord, and to conduct you to his blissful presence!" Being now suddenly transported from depths of misery, into joy unspeakable, love beyond compare, and extreme delight; I thought I sprang up, and clapped my hands, and leaped for joy, and praised my God in ecstasies unknown before: so that it awoke me! Never did I feel any thing like what I felt in this dream, sleeping or waking, before or after, till the Lord did truly speak my sins forgiven. This made a deep impression on my mind for some time. For a month or two I was very serious and circumspect; and read all the religious books I could meet with. One of these, I remember, asserted, that we are all to be judged according to our works. Therefore, if our good works are more than our evil ones, we in a fair and sure way for heaven when we

die; but if our evil works exceed our good, we may expect condemnation. I thought I would impartially examine myself by this rule, and see what hope I should have for my own soul on these terms. I, therefore, made a little day-book, in which I put down every good and bad action, with great sincerity; at the same time praying God to show me if I was in the way to heaven or not. But then there were many things, as before observed, which I did not account sinful: and again, many things I accounted good actions, because entirely ignorant that an impure motive, in the sight of that God who searcheth the heart, renders our actions however splendid in the sight of men, abominable before him. Every act of obedience to my elders, or superiors, I accounted a good action; as also every prayer I offered, every ordinance I attended, every time I spoke the truth instead of denying a fault: and, in order to swell the number of my good actions, I would sometimes refuse going to a play, or to an entertainment, and read to my mother at home. Nay, with this view I have fasted whole days, from morning till evening: but after all I found my bad actions more than my good ones. Yet I went on resolving to be better and still keeping the account, till being at dance, I pulled out my day-book with a pocket handkerchief, and it was found, and made the jest of the company. I was then *ashamed*, that I resolved to follow this method *no more*.

I met with another book, which affir

possible to conquer all sins at once; or we would obtain victory, it must come, first one, and then another.

Anger I felt to be my most besetting therefore, set myself against these in . But I was foiled in every attempt, and, as the Poet says,

the more I strove against its power,
the more I sinned and stumbled but the more."

This trial only made a more clear discovery that pride was interwoven with my every thought and word, and action. I was now discouraged, and thought it was all in vain to strive for victory so impossible to gain! I looked round and considered the conduct of others; and when I saw them more wicked than myself, and some of whom were passed for amiable characters, guilty of crimes which my soul shuddered at; I began to think, I was very good, compared with them, and surely all these would not be doomed to eternal damnation! That God was merciful, who died for sinners, and, therefore, if I led a tolerable moral life, he would pardon my sins, and accept me through the merits of Christ in the hour of death, or, at least, I should have as good a chance as others; and, therefore, I cast away fear, and live like the rest of my neighbours. I was some time, however, before I had so resisted the convictions of the Holy Spirit, as to remain at ease. He tried me in various ways, till I was a little better. But I so repeatedly grieve

and quenched the motions of that Holy Spirit, that I was then, in some measure, given up to my own foolish, rebellious heart. Dress, novels, plays, cards, and balls, took up most of my time; so that my mother began to fear the consequences of my living so much above my station in life. But I would not now listen to her admonitions. I loved pleasures, and after them I would go.

What increased my vanity and pride was, that I was much beloved by my god-mother, a lady of very considerable fortune, and often spent most of the summer-months at Adlington with her; where I was always treated as if she intended to bestow a handsome fortune on me. She introduced me into the company of those in high life, and enabled me, by large presents, to dress in a manner suitable to such company. O how fatal, in general, are such prospects to a young mind! Yet, in all this, I still wished to preserve a religious appearance. I still frequented Church and Sacrament, still prayed night and morning; fasted sometimes, and especially in Lent: and because I did these things, esteemed myself a far better Christian than my neighbours. Yea, so blind was I, that I had a better opinion now of my own goodness than formerly, when I was far more earnest about salvation. What a proof that sin darkens the understanding!

In the summer of 1773, I was at Adlington with my god-mother above mentioned; when I heard various accounts of a Clergyman, whom my uncle Roe had recommended to be a curate

at Macclesfield, and who was said to be a Methodist. This conveyed to my mind as unpleasant an idea of him, as if he had been called a Romish Priest: being fully persuaded, that to be a Methodist was to be all that is vile, under the mask of piety. These prejudices were owing to the false stories which, from time to time, I heard repeated to my father, when about seven or eight years old; and also many more which my mother heard after his death, and to the present time; so that I believed their teachers were the false prophets spoken of in Scripture; that they deceived the illiterate, and were little better than common pick-pockets: that they filled some of their hearers with presumption, and drove others to despair; that with respect to their doctrines, they enforced chiefly, that whosoever embraced their tenets which they called faith, might live as they pleased, in all sin, and be sure of salvation and that all the world besides must be damned without remedy. That they had dark meetings and pretended to cast out devils, with many other things equally false and absurd; but all of which I believed. I heard also, that this new Clergyman preached against all my favourite diversions, such as going to plays, reading novels, attending balls, assemblies, card-tables, &c. But I resolved he should not make a convert of me; and that if I found him, on my return home, such as was represented, I would not go often to hear him.

When I came back to Macclesfield, the whole town was in an alarm. My uncle Roe, and

cousins, seemed very fond of Mr. Simpson told me, he was a most excellent man : the rest of my relations were exasperated at him. I asked, Is it true that he preaches dancing? And said, I was resolved to take the first opportunity of conversing with him, certain I could easily prove such amusements were not sinful. Being told what arguments were made use of, I revolved them in my mind, and determined, if I found, upon reflection, I could answer them, I would. I first considered the Scripture-example could be brought. I remembered to have read of Miriam's dancing ; that was to express her pious joy to the Lord as an act of worship, accompanied by a shout of praise. David danced also, but in a different manner, and from like motives. Abigail's daughter danced, but she was a heathen, and the cause of beheading a servant of God. Nothing, therefore, which I found in Scripture countenanced dancing in any measure. I then began to consider the objections urged against it. One of these was, That as it tends to levity and trifling mirth, so it enervates the mind, dissipates the thoughts, weakens, stifles, serious and good impressions, and indisposes the mind for prayer. I asked my own heart, Is not this a truth? Consistently answered in the affirmative. Mr. Simpson went further, What good is promoted hereby? I would gladly have had it to urge, it promotes health : but many instances of those who have lost health, and even life, within my own knowledge, thro attending this very diversive

not permit this. Among others, I had a recent proof in Miss H., who, by a violent cold and surfeit, got at an assembly, was thrown into a galloping consumption; and, in a few months, fled to an awful eternity. Again, he pleads, Are you made better Christians, better husbands, better children hereby? Better Christians I was conscious none could be, for having the mind dissipated, and unfitted for prayer. Some husbands I knew, who were not made better, and some wives, who, to support extravagant dress on such occasions, had greatly injured their families. For my own part, I was conscious it had led *me* to dress, and to expenses, not suited to my present situation in life. These thoughts brought powerful convictions to my mind, notwithstanding my desire to resist them.—I *could not* deny that truth in particular; that those who habitually attend such pleasures, lose all relish for spiritual things. God is shut out of their thoughts and hearts; prayer, if they use any, is full of wanderings, or, perhaps wholly neglected; and death put as far as possible out of sight, lest the thought should spoil their pleasures. I was conscious, beyond a doubt, these were the fruits, this exclusive pleasure had wrought in my soul: and, comparing my present state of mind with what it was before I entered upon this diversion, so mistakenly called innocent, I found cause to be deeply ashamed. But then, if this be really true, said I to myself, I ought not to follow this amusement any longer: and can I give up? My vile heart replied, I cannot, I

not! The Spirit of God whispered,—‘Will you then indulge yourself in what you know to be sin? Would you wish to be struck dead in the ball-room!’ My conflict was great: yet I was resolved to run all hazards rather than give up this pleasure. Therefore, I stifled these convictions with all my might; and, after this, ran more eagerly than ever, into all pleasurable follies. O my patient, long-suffering God, tears of grateful love and praise overflow mine eyes, when I consider my deep rebellion, and thy sparing mercy!

About this time I grew tired of novels, and took great delight in reading history. I went through several English and Roman histories: Rollins’ Ancient History, and Stackhouse’s History of the Bible, intending to go through the Universal History also. And now I believed myself far wiser than any person of my age. Upon the whole, I believe I was, at this time, on the pinnacle of destruction! And had a just and holy God then cut the brittle thread of life, I know I should have sunk into hell. “But love had swifter wings than death, and mercy to my rescue flew!”

In October, 1773, a neighbour of my mother’s being very ill, and very poor, I went to visit her, and found her, to my great surprise, joyfully triumphing over death, yea, longing to be gone. This affected me much; for I felt I was in a quite different state; that if death *should approach me*, he would be a king of terrors! And I had no hope of happiness beyond the grave. About this time also, Mr *impson’s* sermons began to sink more deep!

rt. So great was my obstinacy and I would come out of church weeping with the next person I met, would sermon that affected me; lest I thought or called *A Methodist!* I ever, in my serious moments, to repentance; and again, I would break off my repentance; and especially that I no more. Yet time after time, I ed on by my carnal friends, and promises I had made to my God.

774, I was deeply wrought upon by each on, "What shall it profit a gain the whole world, and lose his

And soon after under another, on to the Church of Laodicea. Again, Simpson preached on the New Birth, ii. 3, I saw, and felt, as I had never, that I *must* experience that Divine perish. But I had still one great which I have not yet mentioned, young person, for whom I had a sin. He and two of his sisters, with I had formed a strict intimacy from my father, were my constant comrades were more seriously disposed than rest. However, I was sensible, if I ny pleasures, and became what God n conscience now required, I must, place, give *him* up, and that *fully*; d be the mean of drawing me back: yet unawakened, though outwardly

uld not yet make this sacrifice

Therefore, I continued to go to assemblies, though conscience bled; and often in the midst of the dance, I felt as miserable as a creature could be, with a sense of guilt, and fears of death and hell. Sometimes those words were applied, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." And, indeed, so I felt it. Yet I would not acknowledge my unhappiness to any, but carried it off with the appearance of gaiety; and at the last assembly I ever attended, never sat down the whole night: but danced till four o'clock in the morning. Soon after this, however, the Lord wrought a much deeper work upon my soul.

In April, 1774, on the Sunday before Easter, Mr. Simpson preached from John vi. 44, "No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me, draw him." Explaining the drawings of the Father, he related his own experience, under the name of Eusebius, brought up in all moral duties, attendant on Church and Sacrament, and one who said many prayers. Yet when twenty-two years old, was deeply convinced he had never been a Christian:—could then say feelingly, what he had often before repeated in words only, "The remembrance of my sins is grievous unto me: the burden of them is intolerable." [All this sunk into my very soul; this was just my case.] "He mourned, and wept, and prayed! And one day as he was in prayer, and had such a view of his past sinfulness, and present guilt and pollution, as almost deprived him of all hope; the Lord suddenly removed his burden.

and spoke pardon and peace to his soul; so that he felt his sins were all forgiven." Lord, said I, if this is truth, (and I cannot disbelieve it,) never let me rest till I obtain a like blessing. He went on to observe the nature of this change, and the objections made in our day to this doctrine of the New Birth. One of these objections he dwelt upon, viz. "We are born again when *baptized*;" but proved if it *were* even so, we must still repent anew and be forgiven, since all have broken the baptismal vow. Then he appealed to each; "Have *you* renounced the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, with every sinful desire?" while I could only plead guilty, guilty. "Have you never taken the name of God in vain?—Never profaned his sabbaths?—Never set up idols in your heart? If you have done these things, you have broken the first four commandments of God." I pleaded guilty here also: for though, with respect to the third, I could not accuse myself of profanely swearing, or even naming my Maker in conversation as many do: yet this prohibition also condemned me, in having taken the name of God in vain, into my polluted lips in his house of worship; and appearing before men engaged in devotion, while my heart was wandering to the ends of the earth. As he passed through the rest of the commandments, I could still plead nothing but guilty. And when, in the application of his sermon, he asked, "Now, *what* think you of the state of your souls before God?" I felt myself, indeed, a lost, per-

ing, undone sinner: a rebel against repeated convictions and drawings; a rebel against light and knowledge, a condemned criminal by law of God, who deserved to be sentenced to eternal pain!—I felt I had broken my baptismal vow; my confirmation vow; my sacramental vows; and had no title to claim any mercy, any hope, any plea!—I wept aloud, so that those around me were amazed; nor was I any longer ashamed to own the cause. I went home, up stairs, and fell on my knees; and made a solemn vow to renounce and forsake *all* sinful pleasures, and trifling companions.

I slept not that night; but arose early in the morning, and, without telling my mother, took all my finery, high dressed caps, &c. &c. and ripped them all up; so that I could wear none more. Then cut my hair short, that I might not be in my own power to have it dressed; and, in the most solemn manner, vowed never to *dance* again! I could do nothing but bewail my own sinfulness, and cry for mercy. I could not eat, or sleep, or take any comfort. The curses throughout the whole Bible seemed pointed all at me; and I could not claim a single promise. I saw my whole life had been nothing but sin and rebellion against my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; and I feared it was now too late to seek mercy.

Thus I continued till Good-Friday. My mother thought I was losing my senses, and my friends endeavoured to comfort me in vain. After many conflicts and strong fears, I was *persuaded*, however, once more, to approach

at Lord's table : encouraged by these words, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God ! thou wilt not despise." As Mr. Simpson was reading that sentence in the Communion service, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous ; and he is the propitiation for our sins," a ray of Divine light and comfort was darted on my soul, and I cried, Lord Jesus, let me feel thou art the propitiation for *my* sins. I was enabled to believe, there was mercy for me ; and I, even I, should be saved ! I felt love to God spring up in my heart, and, in a measure, could rejoice in him, so that I would have given all the world to have died that moment. But, alas, this was only for a short season ! In the evening one of my cousins calling on me, who had been a witness to my late distress ; I told her of the comfort I had received ; and added, I am now not afraid to die. She immediately exclaimed, it would be great presumption to say so, for even Mr. Simpson, whom she believed the best man on earth, said, he deserved to go to hell. My joy was damped immediately ; and Satan telling me I had deceived myself, I gave up my confidence, lost my peace, and became again very unhappy.

It had been well for me, if I had then known the Methodists ; but I had none to instruct me. Yet my distress was not the same as before. I had now a ray of hope in God, that he would make me a new creature by grace : and those horrible and slavish fears of hell were removed. I felt my nature all depraved, and my soul

of wounds, and bruised by sin. Yea, and I abhorred myself, truly repenting before my God, and seeking him with my whole heart, in every mean of grace. I had never yet heard the Methodists; nor had I lost all my prejudices against them: but a neighbour who had lately found peace with God, advised me strongly to go; and assured me they had been the mean of great blessings to his soul. I would not promise, but resolved to go privately, so that the preacher, nor any other person should know of it till afterwards. I soon after went at five o'clock one morning, and got into a private seat. Mr. Samuel Bardsley preached from, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God." I thought every word was for me! He spoke to my heart, as if he had known all the secret workings there; and pointed all such sinners, as I felt myself to be, to Jesus Crucified. I was much comforted; my prejudices were now fully removed, and I received a full and clear conviction, "These are the people of God, and shew, in truth, the way to salvation."

But now I had new difficulties to encounter: I knew if I persisted in hearing the Methodists, I must literally give up *all*. My mother had already threatened if ever she knew me to hear them, she would disown me. Every friend and relation I had in the world, I had reason to believe would do the same. I had no acquaintance *then* among the Methodists to take me in; *nor* knew any refuge to flee to but my God! I *used* much prayer, and entreated him to shew *me* his will; when those words were powerfu

ed, "Did ever any trust in the Lord and confounded?" I answered, No Lord; will trust in thee! But Satan suggested, thou hast no right to trust God; thou art his child, but a sinner, a rebel:" I fell y knees, and cried. Lord, I am a repent- nner, and thou knowest I have laid down reapons of rebellion! If I perish, I will 1 at thy feet! only shew me thy will, and I am. It was then applied, "If any man come after me, let him deny himself, and up his cross, and follow me:" I cried, rd, I will forsake all, and follow thee: I joyfully bear thy cross; only give me thy- v" From that time I resolved, I would, at izards, attend the preaching. I did so at pportunities, and it was a great comfort 3.

t when my mother heard of it, a flood- of persecution opened upon me. In this of need, God raised me up a friend, in ncle Roe, who prevented my mother turn- ne out of doors. Yet what I suffered, times through her tears and intreaties, and, her times, her severity, is known only to

But he strengthened a feeble worm, and led me to endure all with meekness, as g him who is invisible. For eight weeks, ver, I was closely confined. My god- er came to talk with me; so did my mo- s brother, and my father's sister; also a yman, and several others. But the Lord me a mouth and wisdom to plead my own

cause, with arguments from his word, so that they were, in some measure, all put to silence.

In August, my mother took me with her to Adlington, on our usual summer's visit; though now quite contrary to my inclination: for I found it a great grief to be separated from the means of grace, and from the dear people of God. Yet I dared not to refuse her all obedience, which I could render with a safe conscience. And though I believe she hoped to wean me from (what she called,) my melancholy and enthusiasm hereby; yet the Lord kept me steadfast and immoveable. The deep sense I had of my own weakness and inability to resist evil, or follow that which is good; and the great fears I had of ever again grieving the Holy Spirit, lest he should strive with me no more for ever; convinced me of the absolute need of using much and constant prayer. I, therefore, left all company many times in a day, to retire in secret. I refused to conform in dress, or in any thing my conscience disapproved; and when called upon, gave reasons for my conduct, as the Lord enabled me; but always with meekness, and often with tears of self-abasement: so that, in a little time, finding all their efforts vain, they began to let me alone. Only I was made to understand, I had now nothing to expect from my god-mother, as to temporal things. This, however, weighed nothing with me, for all my language was,

*"None but Christ to me be given.
None but Christ in earth or heaven."*

October we returned home, and I now
 d with my mother, and entreated her
 confine me any more; telling her, in
 y, and yet plainness, "I *must* seek sal-
 o my soul whatever is the consequence;
 order to obtain the end, I must use the

I am, therefore, determined to leave
 and go to be a servant, rather than keep
 e Methodists. Yet, if you will consent
 should greatly prefer continuing in your
 though it should be as *your* servant;
 m willing to undertake all the work of
 se, if you will only suffer me to attend
 ng." She listened to my proposals; and
 nsulting with her friends, consented to
 on this last condition; for she and they
 reed, that I, who had never been ac-
 ed to hard labour, would soon be weary,
 e it up. But they knew not the power
 dness of that God who strengthened me
 y tribulation.

mber the 1st, I entered upon my new
 nents joyfully; undertaking my every
 for his sake, who bled for me on Cal-

And I began to feel, at times, much
 , and reviving hopes, that my redemp-
 w near; and that the happy hour, when
 I praise a pardoning God, was at hand.
 sley's Sermon on Justification, was a
 couragement to me, from those words,
 im that worketh not, but believeth on
*justifieth the ungodly, his faith is im-
 r righteousness.*" This sermon I read

many times over with prayer, and could, sometimes, almost embrace the promises.

On Monday, November 10, I had strong conflicts with Satan, who told me I had as good give up all, for I should never obtain a pardon; I had sinned beyond hope. I felt my heart very hard, and he suggested, "This is a proof God has given thee up to hardness and impenitence. Where is thy repentance and tears, and brokenness of heart? If thou couldst repent, and weep, and mourn like others, there would be hope; but where is thy sorrow for sin? Thou canst not shed a tear." I was so burdened and distressed that day, that I could not go forward with my work; and my mother reproached me. But I beseeched the Throne of Grace, with strong crying and supplications, to him that was able to save, and who well knew the Spirit's groanings in my heart.

My cousin Charles Roe, then much devoted to God, put into my hands a little pamphlet, entitled, "The Great Duty of Believing on the Son of God." Jesus was here set forth in all his loveliness of free-grace, towards a poor, returning prodigal, as every way suited to the sinner's wants; and all-sufficient to save the vilest of the vile. As willing now, even as when he hung on Calvary, bleeding and dying to save sinners; yea, his very murderers! I was much encouraged in reading this, and would *gladly have spent the night in prayer!* but my *mother, (with whom I slept,) would not suffer it.* I, therefore, went to bed, but could not

; and at four in the morning rose again, I might wrestle with the Lord. I prayed, it seemed in vain. I walked to and fro, crying for mercy; then fell again on my knees; but the heavens appeared as brass, and seemed almost sunk into despair; when only the Lord spake that promise to my soul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I revived, and cried, Lord, I *know* this is thy word, and I can depend on it. But what is faith? O shew me how to believe; shew me what is the *Gospel* or I am yet undone. I *desire* not deliverance, except in thine own way; I desire *nothing*, but thy favour. What shall I do? Teach me, O help me, or I am lost!" That came with Divine evidence and sweetness to my heart, "Cast all thy care upon him, for he will take care for thee." I said, "Lord, dost thou care for me! and is this faith, to cast all my *every* all my *sins*, (for I have no other) upon thee? May I? Dost thou bid *me*? O thou hell-deserving sinner; a sinner against conscience and conviction, and repeated vows; can thy love dwell in thee? Is it not too easy a

May I, even I, be saved, if I only cast my burden on Jesus; my burden of sin, my load of guilt, my every crime? What! saved from all guilt, saved into the favour of God! O my God! and become his child, and that at this *moment*! O it is too great—it cannot

O what a struggle had Satan and unbelief with my helpless, sinful soul! But the angel replied, "Fear not, only believe." Satan

suggested, "Take care; suppose Jesus Christ should fail thee, suppose he is not God! What, if he were an impostor, as the Jews believe!" O the agony my soul felt at that moment! But I cried, "I am undone without remedy: none but such a Saviour as Jesus declares himself to be, (God as well as man,) can save my guilty, polluted soul. The blood of GOD-MAN alone, can atone for me. His power alone can change my rebel heart; my disease is too deep for any other. I can only perish, nothing can be worse; so there is no hazard. If he be God, he is able, and he will save me according to his promise, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." If he be God, he must be Truth, and cannot deceive me. And if not, a holy God will be a consuming fire to the sinner! And there is no Saviour, no way of salvation; I must endure the desert of my sins; I must endure everlasting burnings; and, therefore, here I will lie and perish at his feet! Again it came, "Only believe." 'Lord Jesus,' said I, 'I will, I do believe: I now venture my whole salvation upon thee as God: I put my guilty soul into thy hands, thy blood is sufficient. I cast my soul upon thee, for Time and Eternity.' Then did he appear to my salvation. In that moment, my fetters were broken; my bands were loosed; and my soul set at liberty. The love of God was shed abroad in my heart; and I rejoiced with *joy unspeakable*. Now, if I had possessed *ten thousand souls*, I could have ventured them all *with my Jesus*. I would have given them all to

more than a thousand scriptures to confirm my evidence. Such as, "He that believeth shall be saved :—Shall not perish :—Is not condemned :—Hath everlasting life :—Is passed from death unto life :—Shall never die :—There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus :—" &c. &c. I could now call Jesus Lord, by the Holy Ghost ; and the Father, my father. My sins were gone ; my soul was happy ; and I longed to depart and be with Jesus. I was truly a new creature ; and seemed to be in a new world. I could do nothing but love and praise my God ; and could not refrain continually repeating, "Thou art my Father !—O God, thou art my God !" while tears of joy ran down my cheeks.

My mother was astonished at the change which appeared in my countenance and whole deportment ; and I soon told her the happy cause ;—That I, a poor sinner, had received forgiveness, and could call God my Father and my Friend. "Now," said I, "I am repaid a thousand times for all I have suffered. One hour's experience of what I now feel, is, in itself, rich amends for all ! But I see an eternity of bliss before me :—" and added, "O that you knew what I feel !" My words, and flowing tears made her weep : but she said little, being all wonder. With what joy and gratitude did I now undergo the most servile of all my employments ; yea, and it seemed with double strength of body ; *though I could neither eat nor sleep much for many days and nights.* The love of God *sh* abroad in my heart, was now my meat

drink : and the thoughts of the amazing depths of grace, which had plucked me as a brand from the burning, quite overcame me!—Me, the most obstinate offender, who had so long, and so repeatedly, resisted and grieved his Holy Spirit! This love of my God and Saviour, so unmerited and free, overflowed my soul; nor had I for eight months, any interruption to my bliss.

“ Not a cloud did arise, to darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment, my Lord from my eyes.”

Yet I had daily crosses to take up and endure: but I rejoiced in being accounted worthy to bear a cross for him, who died to purchase my peace. The Word of God was sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb. I generally read it on my knees; always receiving light, strength, and comfort to my hungry soul hereby.

About six months after this, my cousin Robert Roe came from Manchester, to go to the College in Oxford; being intended for a Clergyman. The great change in me, was matter of much grief to him. But what most astonished him, was to find me, instead of being melancholy and mopish, always happy and rejoicing in God; resigned to sufferings and labours, which he well knew, I could not once have submitted to. He saw my pride laid in the dust; and my soul sunk into humility. In short, he saw me the reverse of all I had been before; *and, comparing my present conduct with the Scriptures, he was constrained to own the power of changing grace: was convinced by the Spirit of God that I was right, and, of consequence,*

was not what he ought to be, and what he ought to be, if ever he was saved. He soon became so unhappy, that he had no rest, and wrote to me, entreating for his souls' sake that I would answer him the following question; "How did you obtain the happiness you speak of? Are you certain it is real, and not a delusion, or imagination?"

Does it arise from an express declaration from God; or a consciousness of having performed your duty? Is it some visible manifestation you enjoy; or some hoped happiness? I am a great sinner. I am miserable and wretched; and can hardly hope for anything but misery in time or in eternity! I give up all the world to obtain the favour you speak of; but I know not which way to obtain it. If you can lead me into the right path, you will render me happy indeed. O! pray for your unhappy friend, &c.

The lines appearing the genuine language of John Wesley, I wrote immediately in answer, a relation of all the Lord's dealings with him: inviting him to the same loving and merciful Saviour. I advised him to hear the sermons, and go to Class-meeting; in which he found much comfort, and advanced in grace, desiring and seeking nothing but Jesus Christ. And, on October 17, 1775, a few days only before he went to Oxford, the Lord set his soul at liberty; and he rejoiced in a full sense of his pardoning love. [The reader desires a more particular account of the life,

trials, experience, and triumphant death, of this Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile, in the *Arminian Magazines*, for the years 1783 and 1784, Vol 6th and 7th.] But to return.

About seven months after I undertook to be a servant to my mother, she was seized with a fever, and when just recovering, had a relapse which threatened to be fatal; so that for near six weeks, I had to sit up with her every other night; till at last my body began to fail. Indeed it was no wonder; for besides all my labour and fatigue, I used rigorous fasting. The doctor who attended my mother, was moved with compassion, and insisted I should no longer go on with, what he called, sacrificing my life. He spoke to Mrs. Leigh, my god-mother, who came next day in her chariot to see my mother; and to see that a proper servant, and all needful attendants should be got immediately. I was now freed from my happy toil, about eight months after I undertook it: namely, in August, 1775. But it was then nearly too late: my health had received such a wound, as it did not recover for many years.

My outward opposition now began to abate; and many of my enemies were at peace with me. And now also the Lord began to reveal in my heart, that sin was not all destroyed: for tho' I had constant victory over it, yet I felt the remains of anger, pride, self-will, and unbelief often rising, which occasioned a degree of heaviness and sorrow. At first, I was much amazed to feel such things, and often tempted to think, *had lost a measure of grace*: yet, when I

ked to my Lord; or whenever I approached him in secret, he shed his precious love abroad; I bare witness also with my spirit, that I was his child. Yea, and at this time, I received many remarkable answers to prayer; my proofs of his undoubted love and goodness to my soul: and I felt I would rather die than offend him; so that I was a mystery to myself. I resolved, however, to use more self-denial of all kinds; and (whatever it cost me with respect to health or life,) more fasting and prayer; for I hoped by these means, to mortify and starve the evil tempers and propensities of my nature, till they should exist no more; and my body expired in the combat, I thought I was certain of endless life. I met with some one who told me, nothing but death would end this strife! That this is the Christian's warfare, which cannot end but with the life of the body. After some time, I began to believe these miserable comforters, and of consequence, regarded for nothing so much as to die: yea, I was impatient to be gone, that I might be freed from sin; for I truly felt, and more so every day,—

“ ’Twas worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.”

My body was reduced now to a very weak state; and I was pronounced far gone in a consumption, which I esteemed blessed tidings. I looked on myself as one that had done with this world; and cried, “ O that I had wings like a dove; for then would I flee away and be at home.”

rest." Yea, so desirous was I to quit the vale of sin (as I called it,) here below, that I could not be prevailed on to take any thing which I believed would tend to restore my health, and, therefore, continued to decline very swiftly. In the latter end of December, I was brought so weak that I could not walk about the room without help, and soon after took my bed, seeming apparently on the verge of eternity. One day, after sitting up a little, I felt myself so weak, that I believed I should rise no more, till my soul took its flight to the bosom of Jesus. My joy, on this occasion, was inexpressible. I begged of the Lord strength to go on my knees once more; and in holy triumph committed body and soul to him for eternity. I believed my work on earth quite finished; and was filled with assurance, that the moment of death would be to me the beginning of endless glory. A taste of which I then felt; a drop out of the ocean; a beam darted from the unclouded Sun of Righteousness, which quite penetrated and overwhelmed my soul, and left me in speechless rapture at his feet. Yes, I have ever believed that what I then felt, was what those feel and experience on leaving the body, who are really dying in the Lord. But Infinite Wisdom saw good to lengthen out the thread of life; and I have often believed, it was in answer to the prayers of his children.

A few weeks after this, I felt a degree of *disappointment* and sorrow, on finding a *measure of returning strength*: just like a mariner, who got within sight of a desired port, is be

back again into a tempestuous ocean. One of my cousins coming to see me, recommended a strengthening medicine, which I was unwilling to use; and told him I would rather die than live. He sharply rebuked me for this; saying, "You set up your *own* will, while you pretend to submit to the will of God: and by not taking proper medicines, you are a murderer!" I wept, and said, I think I am resigned. He asked, "Are you willing to live forty years, if the Lord please?" I found a shrinking at the thought, and felt I could not at the moment say, I was willing. He left me, but his words made a deep impression. I fell on my knees, as soon as left alone, and cried, Lord, perfectly subdue my will. That promise was applied with much sweetness, "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto thee." I felt assuredly, my Lord permitted me to ask life or death, and was brought to a stand. I felt a thousand fears suggested, that if I lived, I might lose what I now enjoyed of the love of God; and perhaps be one day a dishonour to his cause. But I said, "Lord, thy grace is ever sufficient; thou art as able to keep me a thousand years, as one day." Again it was suggested; if thou livest, it will be to *suffer*. I cried, Lord, thou canst give me suffering grace, and if, by suffering, I am in any wise glorify thee, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." I know to die now would be instant glory. But here I am; do with me whatever thou wilt. Thou knowest all things I see, at one glance, past, present, and

future. One request only, therefore, will I make ; if thou knowest my life would glorify thee, I submit to thy will ; willing to suffer, or to do. But if thou foreseest I should, in living, lose any measure of what thou hast bestowed ; Lord, suffer me not to live any longer. Or if, hereafter, at any time, thou seest a danger of my heart departing from thee, O snatch me away to thy bosom ; and let me not live a moment longer than I live wholly for thee.— And now, O Lord my God, I vow and promise unto thee, I will henceforth entirely renounce my own will, respecting life or death. I leave it fully in thy hands, and to thy pleasure, to take me now, or to spare me twenty, thirty, yea, forty years ; or as long as thou seest my life will bring glory to thee, and profit to immortal souls ; relying on thy faithful promise, given me this day, that what I ask shall be done : and accounting it a solemn covenant betwixt thee and me ! that whensoever thou seest me about to be overcome by trials, by temptations, or snares ; so that I shall, in heart or life, depart from thee, or wound thy cause : that then thou wilt put in thy sickle, and gather me home : yea, if even at that time, I should be so foolish as to desire life. Amen and Amen.” What I felt of heaven, of God, of love, at that season, cannot be expressed. I had communion with my Lord, as if face to face : and could henceforth choose nothing but *his will*.

From this day forth, I speedily recovered

strength; and in a few weeks was enabled to attend some of the means of grace. The Lord was pleased to make the preaching of Mr. D. Wright a great blessing to me. He clearly explained the nature of salvation from inbred sin: shewed it to be as freely promised in Scripture, and as fully purchased by the blood of Jesus, as pardon. Also, that though sanctification in believers, is a gradual work; yet the death of sin is instantaneous; and to be obtained by faith alone; just in like manner as justification. He recommended Mr. Wesley's Plain Account, and Farther Thoughts on Christian Perfection; and Mr. Fletcher's Polemical Essay, especially his address in the end of it, to Imperfect Believers. These yet farther opened my eyes respecting that great salvation; and for reading them, I shall praise God to all eternity. I now was powerfully convinced, that whenever sin is totally destroyed, it is done in a moment. From hence I could not rest, but cried to the Lord night and day, to cast out the strong man and his armour of unbelief and sin: assured that the power of the living God, and not death, must be the executioner: the blood of Jesus, the procuring cause, and faith the only instrument. I had a deeper sense of my impurity than ever: and though, by grace, I was restrained from giving way outwardly, yet I felt such inward impatience, pride, fretfulness, and in short, every evil temper, that, at times, I could truly say, I was weary and heavy laden.

I here transcribe a brief Extract from my Journal, kept at the time, as it will most clearly describe the language of my heart.

Thursday, Jan. 18, 1776, I was much comforted by a manifest answer to prayer. Afterwards, reading three of Mr. Fletcher's Letters to his Parishioners, was a great blessing. Yet in the evening I found many wanderings, and much deadness: I felt unsatisfied with myself, and all around me; and knew not why. It might, in some measure, be owing to the indisposition of my body, but I fear it is more owing to the evil of my corrupt heart. O when shall I be holy?

Friday, 19. I have been greatly tried inwardly and outwardly, though I have had some refreshing visits of love; but I feel many evil tempers, much self-will that would not be contradicted; (though none saw it but the Lord;) peevishness, pride, and unbelief greatly distressed me. My cry was, this evening, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." And in private prayer, I was blessed in a wonderful manner. I lay at the feet of my Lord, as clay in the hands of the potter; only beseeching him to stamp me with his lovely image.

Thurs. 25. The Lord shews me more than ever, that I must be made holy before death: *and this day I can say, "As the hart panteth after the water-brook," so thirsteth my soul for the perfect love of God. O may I never rest* // *I have received this blessing. Lord, I have*

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in this respect, been a trifler; I have been too easy, too lukewarm, while *thy* enemies had a lurking place in my heart! O forgive me, and help me to be more in earnest. These words were applied, while engaged in wrestling prayer, "All I have is thine!" And is not this salvation from sin, his gift? It is; and shall be mine.

"O joyful sound of Gospel-Grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here."

Saturday, 27. Mr. Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection was, this day, a greater blessing than before: O how very ignorant, how stupid have I been, respecting this great salvation; and even yet, I seem to know nothing! Lord, teach me, and save me fully. I find, while pressing after entire purity, my communion with God increases, and I have more power to do his will.

Friday, Feb. 2. I awoke several times in the night, praying for sanctification. O the depth of unbelief, and of pride! and these seem only the roots of many other evil branches. O my God, I feel my heart as a den of thieves: I hate myself, but O! I fall—a loper at thy feet. I believe "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin:" but when I would come to the fountain, I seem all ignorance, and helplessness. O Lord, teach and strengthen me, for thy mercy's sake!

3. I have had deep communion with

I opened on 1 Thess. v. 16, and there required, is the very same needs. O how it is summed up of the Apostle, "Now the very sanctify you wholly: and I, whole spirit, and soul, and body blameless unto the coming of Christ." And would St. Paul they could not obtain? O no they should be both *sanctified blameless*: for he says, "Faithful called you, who also WILL do it." Let me, thy worthless creature, pray for Jesu's sake.

On the morning of Feb. 22, I in body, and felt a strange heaviness of heart, and a great backwardness

course was now open with my Beloved, and various promises presented to my believing view. I thought, shall I now ask *small* blessings only of my God? Lord, cried I, make this the moment of my *full* salvation! Baptize me *now*, with the Holy Ghost, and the fire of pure love. Now, "Make me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." Now, enter thy temple, and cast out sin for ever. Now, cleanse the thoughts, desires, and propensities of my heart, and let me *perfectly* love thee. But here Satan raised all his force of temptations to oppose me; telling me I had not been long enough justified: I had more to suffer first, &c. and my ideas not being yet clear in the *nature* of this blessing, gave the enemy an advantage. For I thought when *fully* saved from sin, I could suffer no more; feel no more pain; make no more mistakes; my judgment and memory would be perfect, and I should feel temptation no more! Therefore, this suggestion, that I had to *suffer* much first, had the more plausibility. But, in that moment, I received light from above, and cried, Lord, till my heart is renewed, I cannot suffer as I ought. Give me perfect love, and I can then bear all things! But, said Satan, If this blessing were given, thou wouldst soon lose it again, in such and such trials which lie before thee: get those trials past, and then come for this blessing. But I cried, Lord, I cannot stand those trials without it. O purify my heart, that I may be able to stand in the trying hour! If I face my *subtle enemies*, while I have a traitor within

ever ready to betray me into their hands, how shall I be able to stand? But if that "strong man armed be cast out with all his armour," how much more able shall I be to contend with my outward enemies. Many other temptations were injected; but I cried so much the more, "Lord, save me!" And the Lord gave me that promise, "I will circumcise thy heart, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c. I said, "Lord, thou art faithful, and this is thy word; I cast my whole soul upon thy promise; make known thy faithfulness, by performing it on my heart. Circumcise it now, fill it now with thy pure love: sanctify every faculty of my soul: I offer all to thee: I give thee all my powers: I take thee, Almighty Jesus, for my Wisdom,—my Righteousness,—my Sanctification. Now, 'Cleanse me from all my filthiness, and from all my idols; take away the heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh.' I come empty, to be filled; deny me not. It would be for thy own glory to save me now; for how much better could I serve thee! It is true, I have no plea but thy mercy! The blood of Jesus, thy promise, and my own great need. O save me fully by an act of free grace. Thou hast said, 'He that believeth shall be saved;' I now take thee at thy word: I do, by faith, cast myself on thy promise. I venture my soul on thy veracity: thou canst not deny! Being purchased by thy blood, thy Justice is engaged: *being promised without money, and without price, thy Truth is bound; thus every attribute of my God secures it to me.*"

Ah! Why did I ever doubt his willingness, when he gave Jesus! Gave him to "destroy the works of the devil:—to make an end of sin!" The hindrance lay in me, not in him. He desired to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes: accursed sin! But now, Lord, do believe: this moment thou dost save. Yea, Lord, my soul is delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all: I am at thy feet, a helpless, worthless worm: but I take hold on thee as my strength! Every thing that I want, thou art. Thou art wisdom, strength, love, holiness: yes, and thou art mine! I am conquered and subdued by Love. Thy love sinks me into nothing: it overflows my soul. O my Jesus, thou art all in all! In thee I behold and feel all the fulness of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God: intercourse is open: sin, inbred sin, no longer hinders the close communion, and God is my own!"

O the depth of solid peace my soul now felt! Not so much rapturous joy, as at justification. It was,

"The sacred awe which dares not move;
And all the silent heaven of love!"

Yet when I rose from my knees, Satan once more assaulted me with, "Thou art going to face various trials, and a cooling world: thou wilt soon lose this blessing." But instantly that scripture was given me; "He that keepeth Israel, neither slumbereth nor sleepeth: The Lord himself is thy Keeper! It is even He that

thy keeping. Again, no
Blessed is she that believed: for t
a performance of those things w
old her from the Lord." My God,
enough! My soul does trust thee,
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hearts." Glory be to my God, I *felt*
there; it was I no longer lived; b
that lived in me!

"Christ was all in all to me;
And all my heart was love."

lay, 23. Glory, honour, and eternal praise
be God of love, for ever and ever! His
arm hath brought salvation to my feeble,
s soul. I am now wholly his! I do love
ord my God with all my heart, and soul,
rength. I am nothing, and Jesus is my
The enemy is often suggesting, "Thou
on lose the blessing: thou canst not stand

But my heart answers, I will hang upon
st my God, as long as I have any being;
know he will supply a feeble worm with

I have also opened on many sweet pro-
-day. I find momentary power now to
d believe: yea, I live by faith.

4. Last night, and this morning, I have
mmunion with my God. I feel I am
ne with Christ, and Christ is one with
well in Christ, and Christ in me. O!
nion with him my soul loveth! And
I feel of his great love, the more I
is feet in humbling views of my own
is; and here it is I would ever lie; this
place: Jesus alone is exalted; and I,
ier, saved from sin!

Glory be to God for the best Sab-
knew! My body was so very weak
, I could not go to preaching; but
s with me, and gave me fresh dis-

coveries of my own emptiness and poverty, and of his abundant fulness. These words were also powerfully applied, "Ye are clean through the words which I have spoken unto you : Abide in me, and I in you : As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." I also feel that gracious promise mine ; "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." O the condescension of God to a poor worm ! What a grant is this ! My soul draws near and humbly asks,

"Enlarge my faith's capacity,
Wider and yet wider still:
Then with all that is in thee,
My soul for ever fill."

Thurs. 29. I was so happy, that I could not sleep in the night. O what a deep communion did my soul enjoy with God ; it was indeed, a foretaste of heaven itself. This morning I prayed for a portion of Scripture to be impressed on my heart, that should abide with comfort, and direct me all the day ; and I opened on, "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is in you ; and ye are not your own ; for ye are bought with a price ; therefore, glorify God, both with your body and with your spirit, which are God's." Sweet portion ! O my blessed Lord, I rejoice that I *am thy purchased property, and not my own ; and to thee I gladly yield, body, soul, and spirit.*
Tuesday, March 5. For some days it has been

son of outward trials: but I have enjoyed
fellowship with God, and great inward comforts.
I have ever found when he gives peculiar grace,
he permits it to be tried; but I prove "as my
weakness is, so is my strength." Yes, glory to his
name, I am more than conqueror; and feel it
the constant language of my heart,

"No cross, no suffering I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine."

Jan. 10. Mr. Simpson preached from, "The
kingdom of God is not meat and drink: but
righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy
Spirit." O the blessedness of this inward king-
dom! with streaming eyes, and heart overflow-
ing with love, I could claim this portion mine;
I am in possession, and mine for ever! O Lord,
how shall I praise thee?

Nothing else will I know, in my journey below,
But singing thy grace, to thy Paradise go."

March 28. After a blessed season of communion
with God in secret prayer this morning, I went with
my mother to spend the day at Adlington. Every-
where I saw there, in the house or gardens, con-
tributed to fill my happy soul with praise. In
this and such a spot, I would say to myself,
O how I poured out my soul in deep distress unto
the Lord: and in such a place, he darted a ray
of comfort, and bid me go forward. O my
God, what hast thou done for a worthless
sinner, since these seasons of weeping penitence!
I sowed in tears; but now I reap in joy.

E

"O what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits." I have nothing! My all is thine already. A poor offering: but,

"Poor as it is, 'tis all my store;
More thou shouldst have, if I had more."

Some time after this, I called upon Sarah Oldham, and found her just arrived on the borders of Canaan. It was animating to be near her! She requested us to sing,—

"Gladly would I flee away;
Loose from earth no longer;" &c.

When we ceased, she cried, "O sweet! O comfortable! I thank you." I asked her, "Have you any doubts or fears of landing safely?" She said, "Oh no! not one doubt." I asked a few other questions, which she answered to my great satisfaction. Two days after this, clapping her hands together in an ecstasy of joy, she took her flight to glory! Her last words were, "My Lord! and my God!"

On Monday, April 1, Mr. Wesley came to Macclesfield; and I saw and conversed with him for the first time. He behaved to me with parental tenderness, and greatly rejoiced in the Lord's goodness to my soul:—Encouraged me to hold fast, and to declare what the Lord hath wrought. On Wednesday morning he set off for Manchester. He thinks me *consumptive*; but *welcome life, or welcome death, for Christ is mine.*

Tuesday, June 4. I find great weakness

body, but much of the Divine presence, and resigned longings for immortality. I was at the five o'clock preaching this morning; and there the Lord shed his love abroad in my heart, and all day I have had such solemn nearness to him, as I cannot describe. I called on one, who, in the arms of death, is rejoicing in redeeming love. Her will perfectly resigned, and her evidence clear for a glorious eternity. What a sight! O Jesus, this is thy victory! O Satan, how art thou conquered!

Tuesday, July 9. My weakness of body seems to increase; and so does my union with him my soul loveth. I was so happy in the night, that I had little sleep, and awoke several times with those words deeply impressed, "The temple of indwelling God." His love humbles me in the dust; it seems as a mirror to discover my nothingness. Sometimes my weakness of body seems quite overpowered with the Lord's presence manifested to my soul: and I have thought that I could bear no more, and live: but then I eagerly cry, O give me more, and let me die! but I am resigned to live and suffer here. I found the following lines, which I received with some others, very reviving.

" My dear Sister,

" I FEAR I shall hardly see you again, till we meet in Paradise. But if you should gradually decay, if you be sensible of the hour approaching when your spirit is to return to

God, I should be glad to have notice of it. It is a comfort, to die is not to be lost.

‘ To earth-born pain superior you shall rise,
Thro’ the wide waves of unopposing skies :
When summon’d hence, ascend heaven’s high abode,
Converse with angels, and rejoice in God.’

“ Tell me, how far does the corruptible and decaying body press down the soul ? Your disorder naturally sinks the spirits, and occasions heaviness and dejection. Can you, notwithstanding this, rejoice evermore ? I shall be glad to know, if you experience something similar to what Mr. de Renty expresses in those strong words, ‘ I bear about with me an experimental verity, and a plenitude of the presence of the ever-blessed Trinity.’ Do you commune with God in the night season ? Does he bid you even in sleep, go on ? And does he make your very dreams devout ? That he may fill you with all his fulness, is the constant wish of,” &c.

I praise my God who enabled me, in a degree, to understand the above ; and to answer those deep questions in the affirmative.

Wed. Sept. 11. This day I have had much pain and weakness of body, but my peace hath been as a river : O that my righteousness may be as the waves of the sea. My uncle has disowned my three cousins, on account of hearing *the Methodists*. But cousins R. and J. are *steadfast*, and more happy in God than ever. *Poor C.* has given up Christ for the world

and is, therefore, restored to the favour of his earthly parent. But, O how will he appear when earth and heaven shall flee away! Lord, make it a warning to me, that I may watch, and pray, and implore help every moment.

Sunday, 22. As I returned from preaching, I called on Mary Etchells, who is in the last stage of a dropsy; just ready to wing her way to eternal glory. She has been a backslider in heart for some years; but in her long affliction, she has returned unto the Lord, with weeping, mourning, and supplication. Nor did she weep in vain; the Lord hearkened, and spoke peace to her soul some weeks since; and, this day, she told me she has received the witness of being cleansed from all sin: so that now she is full of love and joy. Her cry is, O how I long to be with Jesus! Why are his chariot-wheels so long in coming! O for patience till my Jesus comes." She got hold of my hand after I had prayed with her, and said, "O what precious sights do I see! Such glory! such glory, I cannot utter it!" Soon after, her happy spirit fled to her eternal rest.

Monday, Oct. 14. In the night, (for I could not sleep,) it was a covenanting season between God and my happy soul. And I since find the bonds of Divine union more strong than ever. This has been a blessed day! His work, his ways, his word, are my delight. I live by faith: and all hard things are become easy. I can praise him in every conflict: but I feel I could bear nothing, could do nothing, without Jesus. All my dependence is on Him, who says

the momentary power I want: and I can t
say,

“ With every coming hour, I prove
His Nature and his Name is Love.”

Tuesday, 15. I am still kept in various t
This day the following Letter was as if se
God, to strengthen me.

“ *My dear Sister,*

“ THE trials which a gracious P
dence sends, or permits, may be so many n
of growing in grace: and particularly of
creasing in faith, patience, and resignation.
are they not all chosen for us by Infinite
dom and Goodness? So that we may well
scribe to those beautiful lines,

‘ With patient mind thy course of duty run,
God nothing does, or suffers to be done;
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as he.’

Every thing we can do, for a parent, we o
that is, every thing we can do without k
ourselves; but this we have no right to do;
lives are not at our own disposal. Reme
this, and do not carry a good principle too
Do you still find,

‘ Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.’

*I know pain, or grief, does not interrupt
happiness: but does it not lessen it? You of
sorrow for your friends; does that sorrow*

en, than depress your soul? Does it sink deeper into God? Go on in the strength of the Lord. Be careful for nothing. Live to-

So will you still be a comfort to your's,
ionately, *****."

iday, Nov. 8. My body is very weak; but my strength and my heart fail, I feel God's strength of my heart, and my portion ever. Reading a portion of Scripture with me, every day, is, and has been a great blessing to my soul. Often have I found, through his means, direction in difficulties, comfort in trials, and heavenly teachings in the way to heaven. And the Scriptures I so read, are imbued with such Divine unction on my heart, makes it lasting food and nourishment to my

b. 12, 1777. Every day I experience more and more, that God is love, and his service perfect bliss. What solid bliss is it to be delivered from all dependance on creatures, and to hang, with, upon the immutable God! To know God is mine; to feel he dwelleth in my heart; ruleth my will, my affections, my temper, my desires: to know he loveth me ten thousand times better than I love him. O it is an inexpressible salvation!

b. 22. One year, this day, I have been wholly the Lord's, and he has kept sole possession of my willing heart. Yes, thou hast been my strength, my Refuge, my Guide, and my faithful God: my Portion, my Treasure, and my sole Delight. One year I have loved thee with all my heart; and thou hast reigned

Happier still, if thine I die."

On Sept. 14, 1778, there was earthquake. The New Church i (where I then was,) rocked like nearly threw some of the people, on their faces. And the noise, ments, was like thunder. The sued was truly an emblem of that all faces shall gather paleness; cry to the rocks and mountains &c. Some believed the church w steeple end; and, therefore, flew the opposite doors; shrieking : mercy. Some fainted, and were t to death. Others bruised much not recover the fright. But, grace : my soul was kept calm, f

Many are my symptoms of mortality : but God is Love ; and bears my happy soul, far above " all sin, and temptation, and pain." I long for his leave to depart, and be with Christ : but wait in humble resignation at his feet, till all his will be done.

Though much indisposed, I went to Church ; and there, in partaking of the blessed sacrament, I had such union and intercourse with the Holy Trinity, as is unspeakable ! Blessed foretaste of drinking the new wine in my Father's kingdom. Yes, these are the streams, but that is the FOUNTAIN.

Friday, June 18, 1780. I was closely tried for a few days past, by near and dear relatives : but in God I have deep peace, and can say, all his will is welcome : all pain before his presence flies ! Compared with his love, how trifling is all I suffer ! Am I not a brand plucked from eternal burnings ? and the few moments of my existence here, are all the moments of suffering I shall ever know ! yea, and these light afflictions, even as I pass through them, are working out for me, " a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Monday, Dec. 18. I had a day of many blessings in visiting the sick. I called at John Barber's, and found his wife's mother dangerously ill. This poor old pharisee, now upwards of fourscore years old, could never listen to the calls of *converting* grace, or be persuaded that *she need be born* again. But now the Lord *he laid his hand upon her soul*, as well as *body*.

Some time after, I called again, and

she had been incessantly crying
 When I now spoke with her,
 "The Lord will save me; but
 did so; and then asking, How do
 She said, with uncommon earne
 soon rejoice in him: he *will* fo
 Soon after, she cried aloud,
 thou wilt soon forgive me! Lo
 giving me! nay, Lord, thou ^{HAS}
 After this, she continued exceed
 five days, and then exchanged m

Tues. 19. I called upon that c
 Barber, who was seized the da
 malignant fever. I asked him,
 precious to your soul?" He
 Love; I shall soon be with
 worth remarking here, that this g
 prayed, and agonized with God
 that his aged wife might see hi
 also that she might be first taken
 quest was granted in both {the
 little before her death, the Lo
 salvation to her heart; and for
 bore testimony of his love:
 "Thy rod and thy staff com
 before she departed, having too
 leave of her husband and chil
 aloud, "Now, Lord, thou art
 When her breath was gone, he
 with weeping eyes, and deep sol
 Lord, lettest thou thy servant
 according to thy word, for min
 thy salvation." And from the
 was perceived to fail.

Thursday, 21. I found him

happy. Yet, he told me, "I have been tempted to fear patience will not hold out in all this pain, for I feel as if every limb were tearing asunder from my body: but I know God is all-sufficient." I called again, he told me, "My pain has been extreme, but I feel the presence of God continually: and I sensibly know he is as near to me as I am to myself. Whether I die at this time, or recover, my will is wholly resigned: but I know if he calls me now, I shall go to glory." In the afternoon his every breath was prayer or praise; and all his attention manifestly taken up with heavenly things. To the doctor, he said, "It is of more consequence that you should repent, than that I should recover; for if I die, I shall go to God; but if you do not repent, you will perish: you must be born again."

Sat. 23. His dissolution evidently drew near. He was sometimes a little delirious; yet of God, and spiritual things, he spoke clearly and spiritually; and prayed without ceasing. In the evening he broke out in the most solemn manner, and repeated several times, "Christ is God! Christ is God! God out of Christ is a consuming fire!" On being asked how he did; he said, "I am going to the heavenly Canaan, that promised land for which I set out long ago." While the doctor spoke to him of his body, he regarded not, but told him, "I am not afraid to die." And then with lifted hands, prayed that all around him, and especially his children, might follow him to glory. When I asked him, little after this, Do you now feel God greatly near? He said, (looking with sole

... called again, wishing to
more: and, though delirious ju
one said, "Here is Miss Roe;"
out his hand, and said, "May (
This was his last farewell to me
little afterwards. At nine the n
found him speechless, and in a d
quite composed, and just as if
sweet sleep. Mr. Simpson came
to prayer by him; but he appear
all below. The power of God, h
on all present in an abundant m
about an hour afterwards he ex
sigh or groan.

Friday, 29. Late this evening
Robert Roe arrived with the cor
ther Samuel, who died at Leek
home from Bristol. The--

March 27, 1781. This day, at my uncle Roe's, I saw Mr. Rogers for the first time. He and Mr. Bardsley are come over from Sheffield to see cousin Robert, who respects Mr. Rogers much, having received good from his preaching at Leeds. We had a blessed season in prayer together; and cousin Peggy Roe, in particular, seemed stirred up, and comforted. Afterwards we called on that dying saint, David Pickford; who witnessed a good confession of the love of Jesus, which he has felt experimentally for these thirty-six years; and proves him yet faithful. At night, Mr. Rogers preached from, "You that are troubled, rest with us," &c. And at five o'clock next morning, Mr. Bardsley enforced that blessed portion, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God," &c. I felt both, peculiar seasons of Divine blessings; and though afterwards tried at home, it was a day of deep consolation.

Friday, April 20. I was much comforted by hearing of the happy death of Ann B., one I formerly loved much, and dealt faithfully with. She lost much of her spirituality, by a connexion with a carnal man, whom she married a year ago. But the Lord loved her, and sent a lingering affliction, slew the body, but saved the soul!

Friday, 27. I have lately proved more kindness and affection from my mother, than for some years. O how good is the Lord! Surely with him nothing shall be impossible. My uncle Roe is seized dangerously ill, and two physicians called in.

Wednes. May 2. There is no hope of uncle's recovery. But he is reconciled to his children, and calls much upon God; and of Mr. Simpson, and others, to pray for him. Yea, though scarce able, gets upon his knees to pray for himself.

Thurs. 3. As I went to my uncle's this morning, I met one of the maids, who told me, he is fled into a world of spirits! He lay all night quite composed; and about ten this morning suddenly opened his eyes, and fixed them, with seeming delight, on some object, for several minutes: soon after which he silently breathed away the immortal spirit; and, I have great hope, is escaped to endless life. I spent the day chiefly with my cousins, and found it solemn, profitable season. Poor cousin Joseph came a few hours after his father's decease, having rode on horseback two hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

Tuesday, 8. In the dusk of the evening my uncle's remains were carried in great pomp, in his own carriage and horses, to the New Church, and accompanied by coaches, torches, and a vast concourse of people; but the horses, unaccustomed to be adorned with such trappings of black cloth, escutcheons, &c. would hardly proceed. He was interred by Mr. Simpson, in the vault he had so lately prepared! yes; this much feared, and much loved man, is now committed to corruption and worms! It reminds me of Dr Young's beautiful lines;

*"An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave.
Legions of angels can't confine me there."*

Mrs. H. A. Rogers.

Tuesday, July 3. I called on Ann Shi who, when I last saw her, was crying for in deep distress ; but is now filled with joy and on the verge of a glorious eternity. Friday last, having spoken sharply to her husband, she was seized with an agony of grief and cried aloud, " Now I am lost for ever we shall go to hell ! There is no mercy for us but she wrestled in prayer till she prevailed the Lord shed his forgiving love abroad in an abundant manner, and bore witness with her heart that she was born of God. She now tells me, " I long to be gone. O that all the world knew what I feel ! they would soon seek him and find him ; for he would save them all that blessed eternity ! I am going to that blessed eternity ! " I said, there we shall meet to no more. She said, " No, never, never more ! we shall be for ever with our Lord that dear Saviour ! What has he done for my soul ? If my bodily affliction were a thousand times heavier than it is, his love would be all." On Monday 16, I went with Mr. son, who administered to her the blessed sacraments of dying Love ; and we all found it a proof of the presence and power of God. She continued in the same sweet frame of mind, till her spirit fled away.

Wednes. 18. Cousin F. R. called on me in the morning, and related her dream, which has made a deep impression on her mind, and affected her much. She thought her father's spirit appeared to her and a person who was with her in the room where he died : and that he as

ill too late, and perish in their sins :
“ Have all my family found the full
of salvation ? ” And added, with
earnestness, “ Tell them, never, ne
o rest till they find it. Do you hea
hem never, never to rest till they
t ! ” I forbear to mention a few
iculars in this awful dream ; thos
chiefly concerns, no doubt, remembe
it was kept no secret. O may it in
impressions on all ! Some did take
found that full assurance :—witness
confession to all their friends, and a
lodged in Abraham’s bosom ;

“ Far from a world of grief and sin
With God eternally shut in.”

* 18. 11. Father’s death my son

time of his father's death, to that of his own, he gave himself up to the work of God, as fully as his health would possibly permit. He boldly and publicly preached the gospel, in and near Macclesfield : and the Lord bore witness to his word, by awakening, converting, and saving souls. And I believe I may safely affirm that, during that season, he never preached one sermon in vain. Sometimes two, three, or four in one night were deeply awakened ; and once seven ; and commonly three or four justified. He was also the instrument of many believing to full salvation.

Friday, August 9. We removed to my cousin's house : where I enjoyed for the short season of his life many spiritual privileges. My mother also had many opportunities she never would before partake of, both in prayer and Christian conversation : for my cousin had constant prayer-meetings, bands, &c. under the roof ; and endeavoured to devote his time, talents, and substance to God. But how mysterious are the ways of Providence ! How quickly was he called from all this !

Tues. 20, he caught a severe cold, which terminated in his death. Every help was procured, but to no effect. His soul, which had long panted after holiness, was now deeply distressed to feel the power of the all-cleansing blood, and the witness of being saved from all sin. He called on me many times in a day to pray with him, and was often greatly comforted ; but nothing less than full salvation would satisfy him. At times, took advantage of his bodi-

and the least murmuring or . . .
as. 27. In attempting to walk two
across the room, he fainted away.
recovered, said, "I beg as a pa
ar, cousin, that you will be with
as possible: don't leave me, and C
ard you." I seldom did after this.
unday, Sept. 2. I rose at five; an
his room, found him awake. He
peculiarly calm, composed, and re
will of God; but have had no sl
if you have not been praying for
swered, Yes; he said, "I thought s
desired me to open the New Testam
ad the verse that first appeared: I d
was this: "For ye are dead, and
hid with Christ in God: when Chr
appear, then shall ye

Mrs. H. A. Rogers.

love of his God and Saviour ; saying, " No
know by experience what I have preached
others, is no cunningly devised fable. I f
now, the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all si
am now entirely a new creature ! I can lo
he Lord with all my heart, and soul, an
trength. The enemy tells me, if I get bette
shall soon lose this ; but I believe I shall not
or I know as long as I have this hold of God
nothing will be able to overcome me." In a
day or two after, he was often delirious ; yet
till, in all intervals, he was full of happiness,
love, patience, and resignation, though he suf-
fered much.

Thurs. 12. He said, what a peace do I now
enjoy ! I feel now, and for some days past,
what I never felt before. When I am at the
worst, (and none but God knows what I suffer,)
my mind is peaceable and happy : and I have
not a murmuring or repining thought. I can
put all my care on God, as I never could
before ; and even my helplessness does not dis-
courage me, for I find his grace sufficient. But
there is a great fulness yet before me."

Friday, 13. When he was got up to have his
made easy, he would not return to it
though every breath seemed as if it would be
lost,) till he had given a short account of
his whole experience from his first setting out.
He went through all his trials, persecutions,
tribulations, &c. " But now," said he, " I
taste the blessed fruit ; and I can say, neither
father's tears, nor severity ; neither hope of
pardon, nor fear of suffering, ever made
me arrive, or depart from what I belie

my duty to God. And now I prove him faithful: he hath said, 'Whosoever forsaketh father, or mother, or brothers, or sisters, or houses, or land, for my sake and the gospel's, shall receive a hundred fold in this life; even father and mother, houses and land, &c. and in the world to come everlasting life.' This is literally fulfilled in me. I forsook all; and I was restored to my father's favour. I have a house, land, &c. in this life: and I am going to everlasting life: whereas, if I had basely complied with my friend's desires, I should have possessed no more in this life, than I now do; and should have been lying here with a guilty conscience, a frowning God, and full of horror, in the views of a miserable eternity! O how good it is to give up all for God! Now I feel it; and I shall praise him for ever." O how pleasingly awful was this noble testimony from a dying friend, when obliged to gasp for breath between every sentence. He continued, for some time after this, praising God, and recommending all his relations and friends to his protection. The particulars of which I omit here, having already referred the reader to them in the Magazine.

Sat. 14. He was quite deranged, yet composed, and knew me to the last. At three o'clock on Sunday morning, death sweats came on: and, about half past five, he fled to his eternal Paradise! All in the room sensibly felt the powerful presence of God. Yea, it was as the gate of heaven, while on our knees we watched the last parting breath! Mr. Simpson preached a funeral sermon in the New Church, on Sunday the 20th. And Mr. Rogers at the Methodist

Chapel. The former from, "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The latter from, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." I believe many will remember the blessed season to their eternal good.

In the year following, I had another awful scene to pass through. Dear Mrs. Rogers, after the birth of her little James, never recovered her health fully. Mr. Rogers being a good deal in the country parts of the Circuit, I was very much with her: and our love for each other daily increased. At different times she opened her whole heart to me on very tender points: for we were as one soul. For several weeks before her death, she entreated me not to leave her, when I could possibly help it. But as her experience and triumphant death are already published, I forbear to enlarge respecting either. O my Lord, let my latter end be like her's!

I now briefly observe, that after many remarkable Providences, (too tedious to dwell upon here,) on August 19, 1784, I was married to Mr. Rogers. In whom the Lord gave me a help-mate for glory: just such a partner as my weakness needed to strengthen me. He hath made us one heart, and one soul: for above eight years, he hath crowned our union with *his constant smile*.

We spent a week or ten days, after our marriage, with my mother, and then hastened Dublin, where Mr. Rogers was appointed *labour*. We were gladly received, and the

gave us the hearts of the people. Our hands being thus strengthened of the Lord, we agreed solemnly to devote ourselves, and our all to him, and his work. And all glory to his Name, we saw a blessed revival: in three years, the Society increased from about five hundred, to eleven hundred and upwards; and we had good cause to believe, above four hundred were converted to God.

In August, 1789, we came over from Dublin to see my mother at Macclesfield. Mr. Wesley, and several preachers, with families also, coming at the same time to England, we took the whole ship. In this passage we were in imminent danger, by dashing on a rock, called the West Mouse. But prayer was made: the Lord heard, and wonderfully delivered! We landed at Parkgate, and travelled with Mr. Wesley to Macclesfield, where my mother received us with great affection. After the Manchester Conference, we returned to Ireland. We spent about a week with our affectionate friends at Dublin; and then proceeded to Cork.

Here also the Lord revived a gracious work. His word prospered and prevailed; and we had cause to rejoice, not only over a few individuals, but several families, who were added to the fold of God. We found three hundred and ninety-seven members in Society, and left six hundred and fifty. In the last year we had *some close trials*, through a few individuals; but *our spiritual mercies* outbalanced them all. *I do not know that I ever enjoyed more of the Lord's heart-felt presence, than at Cork; ex*

cepting the time of a severe nervous fever ; and then the cloud was only for a few days ; and that, I believe, was merely owing to the body ; for though in a week afterwards, all the feelings of nature were touched, I felt nothing contrary to resignation, patience, or love.

At the time I now speak of, my own recovery was doubtful. Mr. Rogers (oppressed with grief, through my illness, and by his attention to me night and day,) was very ill. James had a worm fever ; the maid confined with sickness ; and my little John, six weeks old, lying in convulsions for three days ! Surely in this scene, the Lord magnified his power in supporting my weakness, and enabling me then to say, " Good is the will of the Lord." After this season, my consolations were abundant ; and my faith, love, and communion with God much deepened.

I had some encouraging letters from Mr. Wesley. In the two last he mentioned his intention of removing us to London at the ensuing Conference. I trembled at the thought of so important a charge ; but committed it to God in much prayer. And, notwithstanding our various exercises of body and mind, since we came to this city, I am certain Divine Love has mixed every cup, and ordered all things well. To be with that honoured and much loved servant of God, for five months ; and then to be witnesses of his glorious exit, was a favour indeed. But, O ! how awful the scene !—how *unspeakable* the loss !—I peculiarly felt it ; being then in a weak state, not quite recovered from my lying-in.

The solemnity of the dying hour of great, good man, I believe, will be ever warm on my heart : Well might Dr. Young say,

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg’d beyond the common walk of virtue
Quite on the verge of heaven.”

A cloud of the Divine presence rested on him, and while he could hardly be said to be habitant of earth, being now speechless, his eyes fixed ; victory and glory were on his countenance, and quivering, as it on his dying lips ! O, could he have spoken, methinks it would have been not but Victory ! victory !—grace ! grace !—glory ! No language can paint what appeared in that face ! The more we gazed upon him the more we saw of heaven unspeakable ! Not the least sign of pain, but a weight of bliss. . . he continued, only his breath growing weaker and weaker, till, without a struggle or a gasp, he left the cumbrous clay behind, and entered eternal life, in the bosom of his faithful Lord.

When I look back on the trying scenes I have passed through since this awful event, and consider, we are yet monuments of grace and saving power, I am lost in wonder and in admiration. Mr. Rogers, in particular, has been tried in the fire ; and exposed through his office to a mark to shoot at, yet through infinite mercy he will come out of it all more purified. I might here enlarge on particulars, but shall leave the Lord’s faithful servants well as the instruments of their sufferings.

him who shall plead the cause of the innocent, and "make all things work together for good to them that love God;" praying with our suffering Lord, for those who now persecute him in his members, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

I shall only now observe, as it relates to my own experience, that these trying exercises of my dear partner, have been keenly felt by me. And my nervous system, weakened by that dangerous fever at Cork, has also greatly suffered by these things; which, like wave upon wave, have followed each other! To this I ascribe it chiefly, that a cloud of heaviness has, at some seasons, hung upon my mind; and that Satan has taken occasion to suggest, in those times of animal depression, various accusations of shortcomings in zeal, activity, and spiritual joy. I do not mean that I was ever left in darkness. No: Since I first consciously received a sense of favour with God, I never lost it: but within two years last past, I have not always had so clear a witness of perfect love. At other times I have had that witness full and clear; and at all times could say,

"None but Jesus will I know;
None but him do I desire.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me."

But in nothing less than full salvation, and the witness of it, could my soul ever rest. O no: What is past experience, without present enjoyment! I must *feel*, or I cannot be happy.

G

Sun. Nov. 11, 1792. This day it is eight years since I received the knowledge of a reconciled God, O! that I were, in a due sense, a "mother in Israel." My Lord has been faithful to me! In all my persecutions he comforted me. In the alluring snare of youth, he saved, he kept me. It was by his grace I forsook all; denied myself ease, pleased my friends. And after he had proved me, he put me in easier circumstances, and one of the best of my earthly friends. He has led on my ignorance and strengthened my weakness. Through various scenes, and in outward perplexities, how often have I received immediate teaching from God. In travelling from city to city, how often have I been protected by guardian love, and saved from fear and danger on the watery deep. I never forget his ten thousand proofs of love in Dublin, Cork, and London. He hath given me favour in the eyes of his children in every place, and helped me feebly to serve them. He hath given me spiritual children also; some of whom are lodged safe in his bosom, and others are on the way to glory. I have had five lovely children in the flesh. And besides these, my Joseph and Benjamin, left with me in chains, and to whom I feel united in all the tender expressions of parental love; nor have they ever been wanting in a due return. One (a fine boy) my Lord hath taken to the abodes of bliss; and for his rest, he assures my heart,

*"The children of thy faith and prayer,
Shall all to thee be given."*

The witness of his perfect love ever shone upon my soul, till for a season, in my nervous fever; but that season past, it shone afresh, and continued so to do: till at intervals in the two years past, I have not so constantly enjoyed this. I have been jealous over myself with a godly jealousy, lest anxiety about a multiplicity of outward things has too much stolen upon me. And lest, at other times, I have suffered my mind to dwell too much on disagreeables. Lest I have been less active, less spiritual. Yet I dare not say I have forfeited the blessing. But I cannot rest when the witness is not clear. I know much I have felt has been temptation: and that Satan has accused when my God did not condemn. —

Many also have been my seasons of deep consolation: of deep communion with my God. Many and remarkable my deliverances, and answers to prayer: and great my Divine support in every hour of trial. At present I am sinking into the arms of love: and I do feel I am all the Lord's! Many things that have crucified my will of late, have been good for me. I desire to be crucified with Christ, and that he should live alone in me! I feel he now does; but I long for a yet larger measure of his mind, more of every grace, and deeper communion with my God. He does meet me at the Throne of Grace; and all temptations respecting conflicts with Satan in death are vanished. I know *my Joshua will be with me in Jordan, and see me safe through.* Sometimes I have thought

shall have to pass that river before it be long ; but that I leave to him. I feel no desire of life, but when I see my dear husband oppressed with trials ; and my living seems as if it would be a help and comfort to him. Or, when a silent resigned wish arises, to see my children grown, and partakers of regenerating grace. But I am kept from anxiety.

I feel grateful to my God, that I am placed here (at Spitalfields,) though but for a season, where I can enjoy more retirement, and less of busy life. My God is with me, and I trust he will draw, and unite more fully to himself, his helpless, worthless creature ! I have power with him in prayer, and I know he will answer my enlarged requests, for myself, my other self, and our offspring. We shall be his : I will be his alone ! This day I consecrate to him my soul and body's powers ; my life, my all ! May his blessed Spirit come, and seal me his abode : ratify the covenant ; and with the Father and the Son, dwell for ever in my worthless heart ! Amen. O my God, I sign myself over to thee : this solemn hour,

“ My soul and body I resign,
With joy I render thee ;
My all, no longer mine, but thine
To all eternity ! ”

HESTER ANN ROGERS.

Printed by T. CORDRUX, 14, City-Road.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS,

BY
Hester Ann
MRS. H. A. ROGERS;

CALCULATED TO

ILLUSTRATE AND ENFORCE

Holiness of Heart and Life.

—◆—
"Let us go on unto Perfection. For this is the will of
God, even our Sanctification." ST. PAUL.

—◆—
LONDON:

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—◆—
1822.



IRITUAL LETTERS.

LETTER I.

In the nineteenth year of her age, to her God-
, a lady of considerable rank and fortune,
eing offended at her TURNING METHODIST,
d an account of her conduct for so doing.)

Macclesfield, Nov. 12, 1775.

and Honoured Madam,

REG leave to return you my most sin-
d humble thanks for your kind letter
ice : and, as you are so kind as to
a concern on my account, I hope
l pardon the liberty, and allow me
what is my opinion and belief, and
alone I can build any hopes of hea-
happiness.

as he came out of the hands of his
, was perfectly holy and happy. In
ne all those amiable and lovely attri-
f the Deity, GOODNESS, TRUTH, JUS-
MERCY, and LOVE. But by dis-
the divine command, he entailed
mself and his whole posterity (for he
the parent or head of all mankind)
wages of sin, which is death—death
, spiritual, and eternal. The body

of man became that day mortal, his soul spiritually dead, and he was every moment liable to death eternal. The guilt of Adam, and the depravity of soul which he contracted by the fall, immediately devolved upon his unhappy offspring. And, we are told, when he begat a son, it was *in his own likeness, after his image* : so that now man is born in sin, and under the wrath of God ; and, if he die in that state, will stand exposed to the sentence of eternal death. And what can lost man do in this case ? Atonement for himself, or offering meet, he hath none to bring ; and to pardon sinners *without* a satisfaction, would not be what is commonly called mercy, but it would be giving up the essential glories of the Godhead. What must be done then ? Why, God of his *free grace*, and unlimited bounty, has provided a ransom, an all-sufficient ransom, even his well-beloved Son ! He who is the Brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person, became man to die, that man might live.

All that was necessary to be done to complete our salvation, consisted chiefly in these three things : **FIRST**, a perfect obedience to the *divine law*. **SECONDLY**, an infinitely meritorious satisfaction to the law and government of God, for the dishonour brought upon them by the sin of man : **THIRDLY**, a restoration of the moral image of God to the soul, which image was lost by the fall of

man. The first of these was completed by the life of our Redeemer, the second by his death, and the third is effected by the Holy Ghost. Thus provision, ample provision, is made for the salvation of man, so that God can preserve untainted his adorable perfections ; or, as St. Paul declares, he can now be just, and yet justify and save penitent, believing man.

That Christ suffered in the place of sinners, is expressed by St. Peter in these words, "Who, his own self, bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Also Isaiah saith, "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." St. Paul saith, "He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." And again, in the third chapter to the Romans, he saith, "There is none righteous, no, not one, there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God ; they are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable ; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." Therefore, he adds, "*By the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight. But now, the righteousness which is without the law is manifest, being witnessed*

by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God, which is by faith in Jesus Christ, unto all, and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Being justified **FREE**LY by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God: To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

With St. Paul then, I would go on and ask, "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay: but by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude, that a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law. For, to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt: but, to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his **FAITH** is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works; saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin. Abraham believed God, and *it was imputed to him for righteousness: it was not written for his sake alone*"

was imputed to him; but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed if we believe on him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Now from all these, and many more texts of Holy Scripture which might be named, I believe, and am sure, that works are not the meritorious cause of our salvation, yet I believe they are **ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY**, and *will* follow as the sure and inseparable fruits of a **TRUE FAITH**. If you will be kind enough to read the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth articles of the Church of England, they will farther explain my meaning.

But there is a third thing also necessary to our salvation; which is, that the **IMAGE** of **GOD** be restored to the soul. Now, this is done in **REGENERATION**. Our Saviour assures us, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And again, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Nor indeed are we fit for it, till renewed by the Spirit of God. For, *were* it possible to be admitted there, we could not enjoy the pure and spiritual delights of the saints above. Their joy consists in an entire freedom from all sin and corruption; and in serving, adoring, and praising the Father of all their mercies, the Son of his Love, and the Spirit of Holiness. And they are so far from being weary

THE NEW
and his will brought into a con-
will of God! This is a change wh
be wrought in this world, for the
repentance in the grave: as death
judgment will find us. Then, "h
unjust shall be unjust still, he tha
shall be filthy still, he that is righte
be righteous still, and he that is h
be holy still!" The HOLY GHO
author of this conversion or new l
no man hath quickened his own so
HE that must begin, carry on, and
it.

"Now, if any man have not th
Christ, he is none of his." And t
this Spirit are, "love, joy, p
suffering, gentleness, goodness, f
ance: against such

world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.”

This, dear Madam, is what I believe, and this, I think, is agreeable to the Word of God ; and to the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England ; and no schism of the CHURCH of CHRIST. Forfeiting your love and friendship is a great trial ; but, believe me, when I think of seeking salvation in any other way, it seems as a sword piercing my very heart ! And seeing my dear mother so very unhappy on my account, gives me more grief than I can express : and the thought of being detrimental to her in worldly things ; and that my conduct should make you less *her* friend, seems strange, and to me is very afflicting : but I think these things ought not to be urged too far, especially when the *SOUL* is concerned.

I am afraid I have tried your patience, so will hasten to subscribe myself, honoured Madam, your most obliged and dutiful god-daughter,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER II.

(To MR. ROBERT ROE, when at College, about six months after his conversion.)

Macclesfield, Nov. 23, 1776.

Dear Cousin,

As I find by your brother, you have been reasoning with the enemy of your soul

and thereby, in some measure, have tressed your own mind ; and as you request me to write, I dare not refuse ; for I know God can use the weakest instrument to comfort his children, and often does, we may ascribe all glory to him alone. May he, who comforteth those who are down, be your support !

As to your falling from God, I do not fear it ; and I am sure it is your happy privilege, constantly to rejoice in his love, that love which so clearly spoke your sins forgiven. Oppose that adversary of your soul by faith : this shield, saith an apostle, shall quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. Be resolute and determined to conquer. Jesus in our nature hath bruised the serpent's head ; and your union with your living Head, will give *you* power to conquer too. Fear not, saith God, for I will be with thee. By a simple, loving faith, constantly to Jesus ; and though earth and hell combine, they shall not be able to overcome or hurt you. Believe even against hope ; and when things seem impossible *you*, weak and helpless as you are, remember they are possible with God. Lay to him your every care : " His heart is full of tenderness, his bowels melt with love. He delighteth not to see his children mourning, cast down, and oppressed ; but he saith, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you." And again, "

send you the Spirit of Truth, that he may abide with you for ever." The privileges of a justified soul are very great; for, "if a child, then an heir of God,"—of all his promises. Praise God that you feel the necessity of heart-holiness; and press after it, even after all the mind which was in Christ Jesus. He is already your wisdom and righteousness, and he will become your sanctification. O look for it, seek it, expect it! expect it as you are, expect it now. "Behold! (saith God) I stand at the door and knock." Open to your Beloved, and he will come in, and fill your happy soul.

Be diligent in your studies. It may be a cross, but take it up for Christ's sake, and it will not hurt your soul. Above all, continue in prayer; often read the Word of God upon your knees, and his Spirit will explain it to your heart. With respect to your situation, or any temporal thing, be not careful; live the present moment, and lay no schemes for to-morrow—you may then be in eternity! "Instead of busying our minds (saith Mr. Wesley) with dwelling on the grievous part of what is past or to come, we should remember that the Gospel does not permit us to dwell on any thing but the presence and love of God who fills our souls." Howsoever you may be tempted, *resolve* you will not reason, except with the Lord, at a throne of grace. Seek more *union and communion* with your God: *Yo*

every root of bitterness
have given your God *all* your love
And remember with HIM, "No
accepted time—now is the day of
He cannot be more willing or use-
ful than he is to-day.

As to myself, I see no end of
goodness. I find every day an
love, joy, peace, and union, close
union with the GREAT THREE (God)
my treasure is above, all my
love." I feel I am very un-
worthy offering up myself and my service
at an altar which sanctifieth the gift,
accepts a worthless worm, through
His Son. He who is higher than
stoops to dwell in my happy
communion with him as :

It cannot be long ere we lay these bodies
down—

“ Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head ! ”

“ Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home ;

‘ We soon shall hear the Archangel’s voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice ! ”

I remain your sincere friend in Jesus,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER III.

(To the same.)

Macclesfield, Dec. 10, 1776.

My dear Cousin,

I AM thankful if my letter was any comfort to your mind ! to God be all the glory. I hope you are now enabled to rejoice, and are filled with that peace which from believing flows. I hope your heavenly intercourse is open, and that day by day you open still wider the door of your heart, that you may more and more be filled with God. “ Ready are you to receive ; readier is your God to give.”

I trust your studies are now made a blessing, and that in them you now enjoy the presence of Jesus. Let not little difficulties discourage us who serve so good a Master ;—

B

“Tis this that makes our
In swift obedience me
’Tis this shall tune our
In those sweet realms

I long to be all dissolved in
is love ; and he that dwelleth
eth in God, and God in him

I have had many trials and
tions of late ; but I am firm
that while I cleave simply
thing shall be able to separate
love ; no, nor lessen the divine
I feel continually burning
Those precious words, “M
ficient for thee,” shall stand
pillars of heaven : and who
would tell me—in such and
thou wilt be

drop out of the ocean ; as a grain of sand compared to the sands on the sea-shore ; only the beginning of an eternity of glory. O for an Archangel's tongue to magnify our dear Redeemer's name ! We can but lisp his praises here ; but we shall join in nobler strains above, to praise for evermore the **THREE IN ONE**. "The heavenly principle aspires, and swells my soul with strong desires, to grasp the starry crown."

The Lord is carrying on a glorious work here. Our love-feast last week was a blessed season of the out-pouring of his Spirit : every one had reason to say, "This is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven." Several who came there burdened and heavy-laden, went away rejoicing ; three found a clear sense of pardon, and two others were set at perfect liberty from the remains of sin. The preachers all wept abundantly tears of joy, so were they filled with God : and, indeed, I believe there were few dry eyes. Mr. Percival says, there is just such another pouring out of the Spirit in Bolton : above thirty joined the Society there in ten days. I know this will rejoice your heart. O let us pray much for a guilty world ! I believe this will be a glorious year of the power of God. I do not cease to pray for you, and remain your affectionate Cousin and Friend,

H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER IV.

(To MRS. SALMON, of Nantwich.)

Macclesfield, Nov. 15, 1777.

My dear Sister,

I RECEIVED your kind letter, which filled my soul with praise on your account. I rejoice to hear your name is enrolled with the despised followers of a crucified Saviour. I believe I shall have reason to bless God to all eternity that I ever joined the Methodists. O may my worthless name never be a dishonour to his dear cause and people. May you and I, dear sister, never be separated from them, but by death; and all of us be united to the living Vine, and bring forth plenteously the fruits of righteousness, to his glory and praise, "who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light."

With divine assistance, I shall not cease to cry unto God for Mr. Salmon, and the little flock committed to his care. May they be such as shall be eternally saved, and their number be increased daily: may HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD be the motto of every heart, and his praise dwell on every tongue. It becometh well the just to be thankful: for who is a God like unto our God? O how great are his mercies! how innumerable his

nefits ! We may exclaim with David, They are more in number than the hairs of our head : ” or, with a later poet, “ His nature and his name is love. ” O let our souls praise the Lord, and all that is within magnify his glorious name ! Once we were darkness, but now we are light ; once we were the slaves of sin and Satan ; but now we are set free, in the glorious liberty of the children of God, and our lot is among the saints. Once we were in our sins and under condemnation ; now we are the children of God, and heirs of everlasting life : once we were enemies to the eternal God, by our wicked works and tempers ; now we are reconciled through the blood of his Son, and God has become our Father and our Friend. Such grace, such love as this, demands our praises. Others may boast of riches and estates, their high birth and parentage ; but we will joy in the Lord, and glory in the work of our salvation ! We are plucked as brands from the burning, and we will praise our great Deliverer : Jesus is our Redeemer and our Saviour, our Beloved and our Friend : and we will give him our hearts, our lives, our all.

The poor, unthinking multitude, “ see no form nor comeliness in him, neither any beauty that they should desire him,” but we now and prove, that “ he is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.”

He is the Friend that sticketh closer to brother ; that sympathizes in our infirmities and beareth our sorrows. He careth for our necessities, and supplieth our wants. He strengtheneth our feeble hands, feedeth our hungry, fainting souls with manna of his love : in him is all we need, and he is ALL OUR OWN ; yea, and he is our satisfying portion for ever. " I am the people that are in such a case : blessed are the people that have the Lord their God."

My health has been very indifferent some time : but, blessed be God, I am sweet, and life or death is gain : I am nothing but to do and suffer the will of my heavenly Father, and to increase in the heights of holiness, in all the depths of His love. I do lie at the feet of Jesus, and find His love for ever new. Lord, when wilt thou, that thou shouldest thus regard me ?

✓ " He calls a worm his friend !—
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus's blood."

I hope my dear sister proves, as soon as I do, the great privilege it is to appear before a God of love in secret prayer. These precious seasons to me : here we may lay our burden all our cares and fears to Him, and He can and will save to the uttermost : we may renew our covenant with Him

THREE ONE, day by day, and receive from him fresh strength ; and in this mean may delightfully converse with our Beloved—lay open to him our hearts, and praise him that knows every secret there. And how does he melt the soul with his overwhelming grace, that thus seeketh him ! They are such ravishing moments with me, that often I know not whether I am in earth or in heaven : surely it is a taste of heavenly bliss ! I do not forget my dear sister and friend, when I thus approach the gracious throne. O pray for me ! dear Mrs. Salmon. Yours, in divine bonds,

H. A. ROG.

LETTER V.

(Written at a time when she was supposed to be near death ; and addressed to a lady of her acquaintance.)

Macclesfield, Jan. 9, 1778.

FAREWELL, my Friend ! To the care of that God of truth and love, who hath been so gracious unto me, I commend you. May you prove all the riches of his grace in life, and lay down this earthly tabernacle with the same joy and assurance of hope I now do. " I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith ; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, a never-fading crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day." I joyfully

clare, it is by GRACE alone I am saved: Jesus is all in all, and I am nothing.

I believe you will bear with a friend if she leave with you the following dying cautions: and, O may the Spirit of holiness write them on your heart:—Deny yourself wholly, take up your cross daily, and follow Christ fully. WATCH, FAST, PRAY. Avoid all occasions of temptation *resolutely*: but if at any time you are overcome, delay not to fall at the feet of Christ *that moment*, for pardon and strength. The eyes of EARTH and HEAVEN are upon you! Many wait for your halting; more, I trust, wish you success in the name of the Lord: I am sure *I* do, and therefore write without reserve. Take care of your own understanding: do not suffer yourself to think of it, but with deep abasement, that you have made no better use of it. Do not adorn your body now, if you wish to be found adorned with Christ in the day of eternity. I sit under the shadow of my Beloved; while I write, I feel him sustaining my soul. O Jesus, great is thy goodness, great is thy mercy! I feel my insufficiency to speak of the goodness of my God; it is more than I am able to express: I enjoy in him all I want; but am daily more sensible, how little I am. O how his grace is magnified in a poor worm! You also have tasted *of his love*; may you follow him fully and *steadfastly*. While you do this, though *storms should rise and winds blow*, they will

only settle and fix you more fully on the Rock which cannot be moved. Believe simply and constantly, so shall you love steadfastly and entirely: then shall the Lord guide you continually, and satisfy your soul in drought; and your soul shall be as a watered garden, and as springs of water which fail not.

Farewell,—I was going to say, *for ever*; but, **AH NO!** I shall see you again! May it be where we shall rejoice together, in that joy which cannot be taken away from us: then shall we part no more, but live for ever in the presence of our Jesus.

Y “There, only there we shall
Fulfil his great design,
And in his praise with all
Our elder brethren join;
And hymn in songs which never end,
Our heavenly, everlasting Friend!”

H. A. ROE.

LETTER VI.

(To MR. ROBERT ROE.)

Macclesfield, Feb. 12, 1778.

Dear Cousin,

SINCE I wrote to you, I have been; to appearance, on the borders of eternity. My body was, indeed, brought very low; but my soul full of heavenly vigour, and longing for immortality! O what heavenly transport filled my ravished breast, when I ~~thought~~ I had done with all below! and, as

I then thought, in a few days, or weeks at most, I should leave my cumbrous clay, to bask in the beams of uncreated beauty—should stand before the slaughtered Lamb, and see the wonders prepared *for me!* “should fall at his feet—the story repeat, and the Lover of sinners adore!” When I should be lost in Father, Son, and Spirit—overwhelmed and implunged in the fathomless abyss to all eternity. What I felt cannot be described : it was a real taste of joys immortal—it was a drop of heaven let down. But, behold, I am yet spared : Infinite Wisdom protracts my stay a little longer, and I bow my soul in resignation at his feet. I am not my own but his : and O, may my language ever be, “Not as I will, but as thou wilt!” I find I need not drop the body to enjoy the presence of my God : He dwells in my heart : In him I live : He surrounds, supports, sustains me : Wrapped in his being, I resound his praise ! O the heart-felt communion my soul enjoys with him—the intimate converse, the sweet fellowship ! My spirit is filled, and yet enlarged. It often seems as if mortality could bear no more ; and yet my desires are insatiable : I long to plunge deeper into God.

I rejoice to find by your last letter, that *you are cleaving to your Lord, and happy in his precious love.* O that every day and hour you breathe, you may sink deeper into him ! All, all you want is there. Let us

trials be any discouragement : nay, rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is the reward in heaven." Remember, every trial is a pledge of your crown, and all sufferings will add to your eternal glory. I hope you are in earnest for the precious pearl of perfect love : O come up to a present and faithful God ! and you shall receive ; all things in heaven are *now ready* : be not faithless, but believing. Hath he said, " I will circumcise thy heart," and will he not do it ? Never shall heaven and earth pass away if his promise fail, if you only embrace it by believing. O claim your privilege—the inheritance of the land of promise, the restfulness purchased for you by blood ! Go and possess it :—fear not. Come now, as you are—empty, to be filled ;—filthy, to be cleansed. " Sink into the purple blood,—Rise to all the life of God." Be assured I ever remember you at the throne of grace, and remain your friend and sister in Christ,

H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER VII.

(To the same.)

Macclesfield, March 10, 1778.

Dear Cousin,

I BLESS God that you learn wisdom by sufferings that you have suffered ; and that

you feel every temptation from Satan, as well as your outward trials, do work together for your good. So it shall ever be to *all* who love God, as I am fully persuaded you do.

I have of late been exercised with various and close trials, but not one too many; for all are permitted by MY GOD! He is my portion, and reigneth in my heart alone. I have a happiness, therefore, independent on any creature, on any thing below the sun: God is all, and he is mine! "All my treasure is above, all my riches is his love." O precious portion, invaluable treasure! "Joys that never, never past—through eternity shall last."

I think believers, in general, do not meditate enough on their privileges, and the great things God hath done for them, and promised to them; from what they are redeemed, and the fulness they are called to possess. Let us dwell a little on the blessed theme: let us look to the rock from whence we were hewn, that we may rejoice the more in what we now are. Were we not once going on in the way to eternal ruin? dead in trespasses and sins: yea, slaves to Satan, and led by that grand adversary whithersoever he would; yet, sleeping secure on the very verge of destruction? *O my friend, if God had then cut the thread of life, and sent us to reap what our sins deserved, we had now been lifted*

up our eyes in torments ! But stupendous
love !

✓ “ When justice bar’d the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The mercy of our Lord—
Cried, ‘ Let it still alone.’ ”

Yes, he spared our rebel souls—he shed his blood to ransom us from death ; pleaded our helpless cause before the throne, and mercy to our rescue flew. We were awakened by his Spirit to a sense of our danger ; and no sooner did we truly seek, but He was found. Yes, *we* found redemption in his blood, the forgiveness of our sins ; and, from being the bond-slaves of hell, are become the children of God ; and now all the Father hath to give is ours—ours by covenant through Jesus. He hath the Holy Ghost to give, as an abiding, indwelling Comforter : this blessing then is ours. All the promises are our own : “ They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus.” Jesus hath given himself to us, and the Father is our God. Was it not the word of our redeeming Lord, “ I and my Father will come and make our abode with him.” And again, “ I will send you another Comforter, even the Holy Ghost, who shall abide with you for ever—He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. Here then are promises of the whole divine Trinity, dwelling in our hearts ; and are not these promises sealed with the blood of the covenant ! But, will

God, the eternal Trinity, dwell in an *impure* heart? Oh no! but, by entering he will cleanse it. Every root of bitterness, every remains of sin, and all the strong armour of unbelief, will flee before him. Can they stand his presence? No, no! God is LOVE, and where he dwelleth, nothing but pure love can dwell. "Thy presence, Lord, I cannot doubt, extirpates inbred sin." O glory be to God, what a precious salvation is here! And this is the privilege, the happy privilege, of all who have embraced the Saviour. All he hath promised, all he hath to give, is the believer's portion. Faith believes the record true, without staggering at the promise. The promise, my dear friend, is for you. Receive it then, and let the humble language of your soul be, "Be it unto me according to thy word." O rely on the word of a God that cannot lie, and receive him as your SANCTIFICATION; and as your indwelling, abiding *Comforter*, your King and your God. If you feel the flame that is now kindled in my breast, you will; this will be the happy moment. Speak, thou eternal God, and let thy servant *now be clean*.

I have been led unawares thus to speak, but I believe it is by the Spirit of God; for *while I write, I am indeed filled with and ravishing consolations!* My soul

am most unworthy. I have much greater depths of humble love to prove, and my soul thirsts after them. O pray for me! Praise for me the God I truly love, and believe me ever your affectionate sister and friend,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER VIII.

(To the same.)

Macclesfield, May 15, 1778.

Dear Cousin,

I AM not much surprised that you are assaulted with the temptations you mention in your last: and though I feel for you, I have no fears on your account. I know the Lord will make your darkness light, your crooked paths straight, and your soul shall see the salvation of God.

It is no marvel that the enemy of souls employs his every artifice to destroy your peace. And will he not the rather do this just at a critical season when your outward trials are great? He sees you pursuing the things, and espousing the glorious cause which shall overturn his kingdom: marvel not then at his rage against you. It proves to me, that you will be an instrument in the hands of God, of much good to precious souls; and that this dire enemy foresees it likely to be so, and, therefore, would retard, though he cannot hinder or stop you

progress. You say you "cannot believe till these doubts are cleared up." Here is another device of Satan. Your doubts cannot be removed till you do believe : Faith only is able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one : only believe, and you shall be saved from all your doubts ; meridian evidence shall put them all to flight. Cast your soul, your fears, your unbelief, your inbred sin, your all at the feet of Christ ; and into the fountain of his blood, the depths of his love. Be determined—Lord, thou shalt be my Teacher, Wisdom, Guide, Counsellor—my Atonement, my King, my Portion. "Helpless into thy hands I fall—be thou my God, my all in all." Yes, my dear friend, leave Christ to answer every temptation that besets you : He hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." This is enough ; be not faithless, but believe.

You ask if I am not in a delusion respecting my experience of perfect love ? Blessed be God, I have not the shadow of a doubt : even Satan himself finds these suggestions vain, and has left them off. He would rather lead me to doubt, or care for to-morrow ; saying, "Such and such a thing is at hand, and will overcome thee : Thou wilt fall in some of thy trials ; or, when death comes, thou wilt be under a cloud." But *through grace divine*, I am enabled to *discern from whence these suggestions come*

and they never distress me for a moment: for, by constantly looking to Jesus, I receive fresh strength in every time of need: I know I am *now* right, and I trust him for all that is to come: and though all weakness, ignorance, helplessness, and unworthiness, yet I have the testimony of my own conscience, and the witness of God's Spirit, that I am wholly and unreservedly his—his in body, spirit, soul: nor does any thing but love remain in my heart. But were I in a delusion—oh happy delusion! It brings salvation—it brings heaven below! Nay, with what I this moment feel, I could be happy in the greatest of outward conflicts and distresses, for Christ is in my heart! I dwell in God, and God in me—I dwell in love, and love dwelleth in me—God is love, and HE is all I want. And is it possible we should be ignorant whether we feel tempers contrary to love or not? whether we rejoice always, or are burdened and bowed down with sorrow? whether we have a praying, or a dead, lifeless spirit? whether we can praise God, and be resigned in all trials, or feel murmuring, fretfulness, and impatience under them? Is it not easy to know, if we feel anger at provocations—or whether we feel our tempers mild, gentle, peaceable, and *easy* to be entreated, or feel stubbornness, self-will, and pride? Whether we have slavish fears, or are possessed of that

sooner did the pride and
of my heart, submit to
receive his precious full
gift of his grace, by far
any fitness, or worthiness
stantly filled with such
love to God, and union
discoveries of my own
wholly swallowed up in
and praise. I knew the
God, and ventured on the
of reasoning and unbelie-
suggestions of the enemy
* . *against hope*, or whatever
felt my soul sink into
became my all. I cried
wanted ; I am emptied
with God : I am now
a worm at Jesu's feet, and
a thousand suggestions

preciousness of these words ! I shall praise God in eternity that they are written in his book. This, and such other promises have been proof for me against every opposition and trial I have met with, (which you know are not few ;) and by thus trusting the promise and the Promiser, I have conquered : and, glory be to God, through his strength I shall still prevail. It is by hanging on Jesus, as an infant on its mother's breast, I retain my peace, and love, and joy. By watching, prayer, and praise ; by pressing after deeper degrees of humble love, communion with God, and active holiness. Never were the ways of God so sweet as now to my soul : I love the narrowest path his Spirit and his Word point out : and all my delight is to do and suffer his will. O may the same God of love fully reveal his great salvation in your heart, and be himself your rich portion for ever ! prays your affectionate cousin and friend,

H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER IX.

(To the same.)

Chester, Dec. 18, 1778.

Dear Friend,

I AM glad to hear by your sister, that you are restored to a measure of health ; and that the Lord, the faithful God, is still our support : May he be so to the end

your pilgrimage. Lean every moment on your Beloved, and attend continually to the lessons of his love. I trust you have learned many sweet and important truths in your late affliction, and are coming out of it as gold purified in the fire. You have no cause to fear all the legions of your spiritual enemies : tempt they may, and powerfully assault, but cannot harm. I am led to believe, all the depressions of mind you sometimes feel, are, in a great measure, owing to two things : First, not being deeply and clearly sensible what is temptation, and what is sin : and, secondly, accounting the inseparable infirmities of the corruptible body to be sin : such as, errors in judgment, failures of memory, bodily weakness, or pain ; and at times, through various causes, a depression of animal spirits. This last mistake may arise from another, viz. looking upon elevating, transporting joy, as inseparable from true grace. Now I think you must allow, that as free agents, nothing but what our will chooses in opposition to the will of God, or, as Mr. Wesley expresses it, " Nothing but a wilful transgression of a known law, is sin." Granting this then, and though ten thousand sinful objects, or desires, in all the pleasing forms that Satan can invent, may be darted into our minds, or displayed before the eyes of our imagination, if our will and affections do not embrace or choose them, but we resist and

hate them; in this case we do not sin, but conquer.

Secondly; when through various indispositions of the frail, tottering body, we feel a very small degree of joy: nay, perhaps only a degree of hope and confidence, and, at the same time, the enemy, endeavouring to lay the axe of his temptations at the root of this: this, I say, is a time to take the advice of God, by his prophet: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." This text proves that joy is not inseparable from grace. It is not according to our joy, (for this is the fruit or effect of faith,) but, according to our faith he blesses and saves, accepts and loves us. Our love to God, his cause, his people, his precepts, all springing from the root of faith, are so many acts of the soul, which our dear Lord and Master approves and accepts through the Beloved; and are inseparable evidences of our sonship. But joys, comforts, and communications of the Holy Ghost, are so many free gifts bestowed on us; because the Lord delights in blessing, comforting, and dwelling in us, and are so many pledges of his unmerited love.

Now, if the Lord permit bodily affliction, so that the animal spirits cannot receive the communications; (I mean, cannot recei

them without an extraordinary exertion of his power and love, which, indeed, we see manifested in the dying hours of those who love God, and I myself have often in sickness and close trials,) ought we in such cases, to cast ourselves by faith on him, lean on his bosom, and without any way to reasoning, believe he will make our affliction work for good? Surely we ought to trust him at all times—it is our privilege. Do not mistake me, I am not condemning religion that may be felt; I would prove to you, that faith is the root of joy, and not joy the root of faith: and that we ought not to cast away your *shield of joy* because you have not, for the present, *much joy*. When we are beset with various temptations, and various suggestions such as, thou wilt surely fall, such a temptation will prove too hard for thee, &c. “*God’s grace is sufficient for thee,*” saith the Lord. He who knows all your trials. Now, by faith we embrace and rely on this promise, knowing he who is faithful will perform his Word; we are strengthened by a sense of peace, and well-grounded confidence and hope, that shall never make us ashamed. And, while we continue to live by this faith, we more than conquer, whether our joy be *little or great*. This is our shield, and God is pleased by afflictions to try and prove our faith, that it may burn the brighter, and be more conspicuous to all. Not that

displeased with us for any thing, nor sends afflictions as a punishment; but whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth. I believe this is often your case; and he calls upon you by his Word, "not to cast away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. And yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry."

With respect to sanctification, I mean the instantaneous work, you have the word of God—"I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." Here is a *full, free* promise. Do you seek this salvation by faith, or by works? If by faith, then you have no need to tarry for worthiness or fitness, but come now, just as you are. You must embrace the promise, believe it, hang upon it, rejoice in it as your own, trusting God to perform it. Soon as you cast your soul on him by faith, he will seal the blessing on your heart. May he reveal these things to you by his Spirit, and fill you with all his fulness, prays your affectionate friend and cousin,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER X.

(To the same)

Nantwich, April 20, 1779.

Dear Cousin,

You are quite mistaken—you do not try my patience at all; but you are made a mean of humbling my soul before God, when you think me capable of answering in a proper manner the questions you ask: and yet, as far as the Lord has taught me, I am willing to communicate. I believe your eye is single. You are a child of God, and an heir of glory—a well-beloved of the eternal Trinity. For you the Father gave his only Son: Jesus the Saviour bled for you: and the blessed Spirit hath applied the blood of sprinkling to the pardon of your sins, and the comfort of your soul in all your various trials. I account it no strange thing that you should be assaulted like your heavenly Master, with that suggestion, “If thou be a Son of God.” Surely you will not give way to reasoning, because Satan accosts you as he did the incarnate God. No: rather take comfort, for he that had *no sin* was tempted in this very point, like as you are. An hypocrite may boast he is never tempted, *has no doubts or fears*; but a child of God (*some rare cases excepted*) is seldom long together unassaulted by our vigilant adversary, who takes every possible method an

opportunity to attack our confidence in the Lord ; and to work upon all that remains of the carnal mind, or of unbelief ; but he can only tempt : he cannot force us to give way either to sin or unbelief. Neither think it strange that you are not inwardly as holy as you ought to be : every child of God feels the same, till fully renewed in love, by the power of the Holy Ghost : till then he has faith, but it is often mixed with unbelief : he has love ; but, though he loves God above all things, yet the love of self, and of creature comforts, often steal in ; he has a blessed measure of true humility ; and yet he is constrained to acknowledge frequently, with tears, as Jane Cooper said, "Cursed pride, that busy sin, spoils all that I perform : " his patience and resignation are not perfect : his will is not fully subdued to God at all times, nor are his affections and desires wholly spiritual : the Spirit of God does visit, but does not DWELL ; does, at times, ravish the soul with delight, thereby wooing it to cast away unbelief, and open the door to receive all the precious mind of Jesus—all the stamp of love divine. Now, when a soul is obedient to the voice of God, when it does open the door, and grasp the promises of holiness in the hand of faith, He will come into that soul, and plant his *own nature* there : then, when perfected in *love, faith* becomes constant, and unmixed *with unbelief*. Love takes full possession.

the soul, and humility, unmixed with pride, lays him at the Saviour's feet. His constant faith and perfect love, now bring forth perfect patience and resignation. His deep-rooted humility having laid all self at the Saviour's feet, his will is now quite subject, and all his language is, "All's alike to me, so I—in my Lord may live and die." But, even this state is consistent with many ignorances, weaknesses, and infirmities ; with many temptations, trials, crosses, and bodily afflictions ; and, on account of these, our joy may, at times, be small : yea, our faith may be perfect, and our peace undisturbed. I believe our faith is often made manifest by following God *blindfold*, (if I may be allowed the expression)—I mean, when our ignorance and blindness cannot account for his providential dispensations, when we are beset with trials, and see no way to escape. In this case, faith says, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." Being confident of this one thing, "What I know not now, I shall know hereafter ;" I will trust in my God, and not be afraid, for he is my all.

I have not time, room, or expression, to tell a thousandth part of the goodness of God to my soul. He is ever with me, and assures my heart, "All that I have is *thine*." All my desires are satisfied in him. *I live in him, and walk in him, and he is my God.* He is with me in sickness and

health—at home and abroad—in public and in private. In reading or writing I feel his presence : And, O, when I am bowed before his throne, he lets down a heaven of communicated bliss ! Language fails when I speak of his love. O may my every breath speak his praise ! I remain your unworthy friend, but happy sister,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XI.

(To the same : Upon the NATURE of FAITH, and in what sense Faith is the act of man.)

Macclesfield, Aug. 12, 1776.

Dear Cousin,

I CAN still see all your doubts and scruples in no other light than as temptations and suggestions from an enemy, who is, and ever will be watching and endeavouring to break your peace. And though I believe you will be brought through them all to the haven of bliss ; yet, you permit him to rob you of much comfort, which you might enjoy ; and he would rather employ you in answering his lying suggestions, than that you should be momentarily looking up to, and depending on Jesus for all you want. For my own part, if it were not to answer your queries, I should never enter into the nice distinctions you do. I have much more to learn myself, and am convinced many would solve you

scruples much better than I can : indeed, to speak properly, no one can do it ; it is the work of God. Yet I am ready to impart what himself hath freely given.—But, I beseech you to read my letters with prayer, and beg of God that he will attend every observation with the light and blessing of his Spirit.

You say, “ The work of justification is greatly obscured, by many, and you do not exclude me—that I tell you, sometimes it is by faith, sometimes by works.” So do St. Paul and St. James, yet they are strictly consistent with themselves and each other. But I sometimes think you understand by works, a meritorious condition: I never mean any such thing. When I speak of the work God requires in a seeker, or believer, I only mean a co-operation with, or using the grace given to us. I believe, God the Father loved all mankind in their sins, freely and unconditionally, or he had never given his only begotten Son. And it was an unconditional promise, “ The Seed of the woman shall bruise the Serpent’s head.”—God the Son also, loved us freely and unconditionally when he left his Father’s glory, and became man ; lived, died, and rose again *for us*. I believe too, God the Holy Ghost, unconditionally (with respect to any thing *we can do*) “ enlightens every man that cometh into the world.” But then, these things *be done for us*, by and through the free grace

the ETERNAL TRINITY, we are required to *use* the light given.

If the Spirit of God convinces of sin, which is *his* work, we are required to forsake it: and there is always power to do it communicated. This forsaking of sin is an act of man, and a *condition*; for, "Put away the evil of your doings, (saith God,) from among you, and cease to do evil:" yet, this is not a meritorious work. Again: if the Spirit points the guilty, heavy-laden sinner to the Lamb of God, shows the all-sufficiency of his atonement, and that the promises are made to such lost sinners as he is, who are weary of the burden of sin, that he has a right to come, because all are invited; and that "now is the accepted time, with God, and now is the day of salvation;" that no price or worthiness is required, but he may come without money, and be forgiven freely: when these things are revealed by God, which is *his* work, then it is that we are commanded to ACT FAITH. We are to believe the record true; embrace it, rely upon it, and venture our guilty souls on the promises made through a bleeding Saviour. It is after this act of faith, not before it, God gives the witness of the Spirit. Do you understand me? The witness, or seal of the Spirit, is God's gift, not our act: *given to all who do act faith on Jesus, and the promise made through him. But it is not given till faith be acted. If we, as peni-*

tents, had *no* power thus to act faith would God be just in declaring, "H believeth not shall be damned?"

With respect to works after justification can any one retain his confidence in without them? Has he any foundation in the Scripture to do so? God absolutely requires that we should DO, DO, DO, (as I say,) and BE, BE, BE: not in a merit sense, but as fruits of the Law of God written in our hearts, acceptable and pleasing through Jesus Christ, and every injunction he gives power to perform it. The power is given of grace, and the use of that power is the act of man. As when the Lord, by his Spirit, reveals inbred sin, and points us to the all-cleansing blood, and to the promises of circumcision of our heart, &c. it is his work wrought freely. But, when this light is given are we to embrace the promises, and act upon them. God hath said, "I will do for you." Let me ask, Do you believe he will do for you? Hold fast that faith then, for the promise is sure, it cannot fail: and the time is now. Only believe: God at this moment requires an act of faith in you. He holds out the promise, and bids you believe. But you will say, I do not feel the blessing. Poor Thomas: because thou hast not believed. *thou wilt not believe.* "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." But you ask, "What must I believe?"

answer, that God is faithful;—that he *can* and *will*, in a moment, give you what now you do not feel : nay, you will not feel it till after you have believed. If I had given you an apple, it would not be faith to believe I had given it ; but, if I had promised to give you one, and to give it you instantly on your requesting it ; if you then believed my promise, and took me at my word, though you did not yet see or handle the apple, this would be your act of faith *in me*. But how much more immutable the promise of God ! You cannot believe *him in vain* : even suppose (which is seldom the case) you thus act faith a day or two, or longer, before you receive the witness, shall you be the worse for it ? Nay, but far better for having believed : this faith *will* bring power into your soul, and you will sensibly feel what you never felt before : and soon you will prove the Spirit's inward testimony, that it is done unto you according to your faith. But you will say, “ How is the work instantaneous, if I must wait a day or two ; ” I answer, the work is done, the moment you believe, though the witness of the Spirit (which is not your faith, but the gift of God) be not fully given till afterwards : “ He that believeth (the promise saith) shall be saved ”—from guilt, from inbred sin, and *into glory*.

It appears to me, you labour under another mistake : You expect in being save

from sin, to be also delivered from temptation, short-comings, weaknesses, and infirmities; but these are inseparable from humanity. We shall never have a body till the resurrection: of consequence shall be liable to a thousand infirmities. We shall never have a perfect knowledge of this life; and shall, therefore, ever be liable to errors in judgment, &c. The perfection of Adam would condemn these things; we are under the covenant of grace; in other words, under the law of love to God, whose blood every moment pleads for our sins. May the God of peace and truth teach and guide you into his perfect will. I pray for you.
 prays your affectionate cousin.

H. A.

 LETTER XII.

(To the same.)

Macclesfield, Jan. 14,

Dear Cousin,

I AM willing to answer any question or write in any manner that will give you soul satisfaction—break any snare of the enemy, or, in any way whatsoever; glorify God: but I am often led to think; I do not want information in your judgment respecting these things; and, therefore, I leave your aim is to see how far I am, or am I consistent with myself in my differences. Were many people to peruse your letters, they would think it

suming in me to argue points of doctrine, or experience with you, who are intended to be a teacher in Israel: yet, you so draw me in, that I dare not refuse. I rejoice to hear that your soul is more happy in God than when you wrote before. O live near to him, and press forward, and all is yours! I would again repeat, trample upon all that is past, and come this moment to Jesus by faith alone, for present, instantaneous perfect love. "Ready are you to receive?—readier is your God to give."

But I must hasten to consider your objections. You ask, if I, "previous to justification, forsake all sin, and have power to keep myself from evil, by the grace I receive from the convincing Spirit of God: what need of his free justifying or sanctifying grace? On the other hand, if I offend (say you) in one point, not being faithful to the grace of conviction, am I never afterwards to be accepted, even by the gospel-charter? How agrees this (you go on to ask) with trampling, as you often bid me, on my worthiness and unworthiness, and coming by faith alone? I would here put a few questions to you, and I beseech you answer them to the Lord. Can your forsaking all sin now (though it be pleasing to God, and what he requires and commands) *cancel your old sins*, or obtain forgiveness *for what is past*?—Have you no need then *of the free, justifying grace of God, to be*

received by faith alone? On the other hand; if you resist the convincing Spirit of God, and continue in sin, contrary to his strivings and drawings; will he continue his operations, and, in spite of you, work that faith in you, which alone justifies the ungodly? Yet, consistent with these things, you may, through the power of temptation, and your evil, unregenerate nature, have been overcome and given way, not being faithful to the grace of light and conviction: and yet, you may still come, hating the sin you have committed, and burdened with your past unfaithfulness, trampling on your present worthiness or unworthiness, come just as you are—a poor prodigal, a condemned malefactor to Jesus, and receive freely, by faith alone, the mercy and the pardon, you no ways deserve.

Again, you are now a believer, but feel the remains of a carnal nature. It is your happy privilege, through the Spirit, to mortify the deeds of the body, or the motions of the body of sin, that still works in your members: this is pleasing unto God, and what he requires, as fruits of that faith, whereby he hath promised you shall be able to quench every fiery dart of the devil. But, supposing you do this without once being unfaithful to the grace of justification, (*and, alas! very few, if any, can truly plead they have been so,*) will this cleanse *your heart from the root of inbred sin?* ab

! And have you no need then of the sanctifying grace of God, to be received by faith alone? If, on the other hand, you are willingly, wilfully, or habitually unfaithful to grace given, are led captive, and overcome by your inbred sin, outward temptations; if you *resist* the things of the Spirit of God, who would not you to the all-cleansing blood, and not earnestly seek to go on unto perfection, neither desire holiness, will he come visibly and take possession of your heart, and dwell there, whether you will or not? It is consistent with what I have urged, though you may be deeply conscious you have not been *strictly faithful* to justifying grace; nay, through surprise or temptation, you have been vanquished, and foiled, and overcome by inbred corruption; yet, coming; self-condemned and humbled in the presence to Jesus, will he refuse freely to forgive; yea, and (if you earnestly desire it, and come by faith alone to receive it) to cleanse you from all unrighteousness?

You ask, "How am I to learn the difference between sin and temptation?" I own there is some difficulty here: I mean, in discerning between the motions of inbred sin, while it yet remains, and the temptations of Satan. Nothing but the Spirit of God, by his inward teaching, can make it clear to you. But this we know, whether *real temptations* are from our evil hearts

when unrenewed, or from the enemy, if our will stands firm for God, and opposes all that would rise, or is offered contrary to his will, he is so far from accounting us guilty of sin, that he approves and will reward the victory. But, O rest not without inward purity; and when your heart is cleansed from all sin, you will see more fully the nature of temptation.

Pray let us know if you are likely soon to get ordained; and if you are, whether you will accept the curacy now offered you. I hope you had a profitable time with Mr. Wesley. I had a precious season when he was here; and I think I never saw him so full of the Spirit of his Master—so full of God. May the Lord fill your earthly vessel with all his fulness, and keep you redemption's day, prays your affectionate cousin and friend,

H. A. ROY

LETTER XIII.

(To the same.)

Macclesfield, Nov. 2, 1

My dear Friend,

I REJOICE to find by the contents of your last, that you are pressing on towards the attainment of that fulness which God has promised you to enjoy; and I trust you will experience that blessed rest—"from sin set free." The suggestion that

ing will be more than you can bear, is apparently from the enemy: Ah, no! but it will enable *you* to bear all things. If you expect to be overwhelmed with exceeding great joy when you receive this, I think you are not expecting it in the way it is generally given. I look upon joy as an effect, or a fruit, and not the blessing itself. With me it was thus: I was humbled and self-emptyed, and Jesus became my all in all. I felt myself all weakness, (yea, as I *never* did before,) and HE was all my strength: I all nothingness, HE all fulness: I all helplessness, HE Omnipotence. I flew from myself and escaped to Jesus: He received me graciously, freely, without money, without price, without worthiness or faithfulness, and became all my salvation, and all my desire: humbled in lowest abasement at his boundless condescension, and filled with love, I felt that I was ONE with God.

If the enemy were to suggest, though you were to feel this, you could not retain it; remember, you receive this blessing that it may *keep you*. You have only to hang momentarily dependant on Jesus, and he will be your keeper. Faith is the bond of union: and in your union with him lies your strength. He will water you every moment: yea, he will be in you, as a well of water *springing up* unto everlasting life. Jesus *himself is all you want*: He is holiness—he is heaven—he is yours. O bring your pol-

E

luted heart then, just as it is, and he take full possession. O come by si
faith :

“ Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone ;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, it shall be done.”

My state of health is better than i
been for some years ; but glory be to
not half so well as my better part !
no ! So plentiful, so rich is my Redeem
love, that thought cannot fathom it
seems but now beginning an eterni
bliss ! O how sweet the service of s
Master, such a God !—how reasonable
delightful all his paths ; what solid, p
peace :—what antepasts of heavenly
when we walk in communion with him
we have any sorrow, any abiding dou
fears, surely it is because we know r
fully as we may know, the nature of
of love. When we suffer him to rev
us what he is, the lovely discovery
forms us into his image, and dispels
thought but love. Beholding Him, v
changed into the same image, from g
glory, even by the Spirit of the Lord.

My thirsty soul earnestly longs to
him more ; but his love is unfathomab
every day brings me fresh discoveries
believe what we are capable of recei
will reveal to all who love him. C

your heart: permit him, and he will give you such endearing views of his beauty, as you never had before; such views as will dissolve your heart in humble love, and fill your eyes with joyful tears. You will see and own, "His every act pure blessing is;—his path unsullied light." May what I now feel, be communicated to your spirit, and God be your eternal portion, prays your affectionate sister and friend,

H. A. ROZ.

LETTER XIV.

(To Miss BOURN, of Newcastle, Staffordshire.)

Macclesfield, Aug. 20, 1778.

My dear Sister,

I WAS glad to receive yours by Mr. Hall. It always gives me pleasure to hear from you. In the bonds of divine love, my soul is united to yours; and, from the contents of your letter, as well as the power I have in your behalf with my God, I am assured, that before long, you will be a happy witness that Jesus can, and will, and does, destroy the last remains of sin in his children's hearts in this life: yea, in every such heart, who does truly hunger and thirst after righteousness. You do hunger and thirst. O that you could look to him this moment as a present Saviour! Is he not so? Do you not now feel his loving presence? Are you not his—the purchase c

his blood—the new-made creature of his love—born of God, and become his child? Is not Jesus your beloved and your friend? Can he then deny his own Spirit's cry in your heart: and that too, when all you ask is, that he will destroy his own enemies in your soul, and enable you to love him with all your heart? But, as to that temptation, if you receive it now, you will soon lose it; is he not as able and willing, and faithful to keep, as he is to save? Yes, glory to his dear name, I *know* he is. He is the all-sufficient God, and, saith he, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." Trust him then, poor, weak, and helpless soul. "But it is not long enough since you were justified." Does God tell you so? Has he set any limited time? None that I know of, except the present. He saith, now, "To-day if you will hear my voice." And again, "Now is the day of salvation." And again, "Come, for all things are now ready." He has commanded, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." And he hath promised, "I will circumcise thy heart, that thou mayest do it." But does he ever say, suffer so much, or stay so long, and I will *do it*? Nay, but he saith, "If any man *thirst*, let him come unto me and *drink*. Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy *may be full*."

My dear Miss Bourn, there are some in this town who have not been justified so long as you, who have received and do profess this blessing. O then, come once more, even as you came when first reconciled to God, and cast your soul simply on Jesus! Would he bleed for us when rebels, and will he refuse to avenge us of our inbred foe, when we are his beloved children! Surely not; it cannot be. I hope soon to see my dear friend, and that she will be able to tell me, she has obtained this precious salvation.

. Did you ever read Mr. Wesley's Sermon on the Scripture-Way of Salvation? You would do well to consider the conclusion of it attentively. "Hereby (says he) you may surely know whether you are seeking to be sanctified by faith, or by works. If by **WORKS**, you want something to be done first, before you are sanctified. You think, —I must first **BE**, or **DO**, thus or thus. Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. On the other hand; if you seek it by **FAITH**, you may expect it *as you are*: and if as you are, expect it now. Do you believe we are sanctified by faith? Be true then to your principle, and look for this blessing just as you are, neither better nor worse; as a poor sinner that has still nothing to pay, nothing to plead, but Christ died. And if you look *or it as you are*, expect it now: stay for nothing: why should you? Christ is ready;

and he is all you want." Let your inn
soul cry out,

"Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love."

Glory be to God, he carries on a glori
work among us here. Sinners are c
vinced, many are justified; and lately, se
ral backsliders are restored. One p
soul, that has been long wandering from
God, was restored last night, while a
of us were at prayer. I am, my dear frie
yours in Jesus,

H. A. Ro

LETTER XV.

(To the same.)

Macclesfield, Nov. 15, 177

My dear Sister,

YOUR letter caused great thanks
ings to God on your account; all glory
to him, who hath increased your des
after holiness. Fear not; you will su
attain, if you follow on. That lovely L
that bled on Calvary, was slain for th
"to redeem us from all iniquity." O
to him; behold the glory of God! See
God of angels: O look at his pre
bleeding side—his hands, his head, his
Behold him gasping, groaning, dyin

you might be made clean ! Hear him cry, *It is finished*. How finished, if his blood cleanseth not from all sin ? "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." But, glory to his name, whoever steps into that fountain, which is expressly said to be for sin and uncleanness, shall be made perfectly whole. O let your faith venture in ; wash and be clean ; "Sink into the purple flood—rise to all the life of God."

Open, my dear Sister, open your willing, longing heart, and the King of Glory will come in. And then be assured, "all evil before his presence shall fly." Sin cannot remain where Jesus fully dwells ; for he is Holiness, and when he fills the soul, he leaves no room for any other guest. Whenever you can say, "Jesus, thou art my all, and I love my God the present moment, with all my loving heart ;" you that moment possess the blessing of sanctification, and never need to lose it more. It is retained, as well as received, by simple faith. We can have no stock of grace in hand, but live moment by moment ; hanging and depending on the lovely Jesus. In him there is a full supply of all we want, or can want.

This, blessed be God, I prove, and that continually. Every hour, every moment brings me fresh delight in God. He is an *inexhaustible* fountain of love ; "Insatiate to this spring I fly ; I drink, and yet am

ever dry." I cannot express the sweet union I feel with God at this moment.

" My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
 'Tis life everlasting—'tis heaven below."

I am much blessed when I remember my dear friend at the throne of grace : and often do I beseech my dear Lord to—

" Fill her with all the life of love—
 In mystic union join
 Her to thyself, and let her prove
 The fellowship divine."

Jesus is unspeakably precious while I write : may you catch the flame I feel ; and when your cup with love runs o'er, O may sin ne'er enter more ! So prays, my dear Sister, yours, in divine bonds,

H. A. ROSE.

LETTER XVI.

(To Miss R. before she received Sanctification.)

Macclesfield, Nov. 21, 1778.

LAST Thursday evening I was pleasantly surprised by a letter from my dear Miss R. who, I sometimes feared, had forgot all her purposes and promises : and also all the blessings she so often received when we met in our Lord's name. I was glad to find my fears groundless ; but much more pleased and thankful was I to find by the contents of your last, that your precious soul was still labouring up the hill of holiness.

ness. Go on and prosper. Many are the trials we meet with in the way ; yea, our Lord hath foretold us, that in the world we shall have tribulation, but in him, peace, which is the seal of cancelled sin.

I hope you keep a sense, yea, a clear sense of pardon, at the worst of times. This is your privilege, and I am thankful you discern such beauty in holiness. O how sweet are those words ! “ Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.” You have cause to praise God for the knowledge he has given you of your nature’s depravity. It is very good and profitable to know our sinful tendencies. O my dear, be very watchful against *little* things, and “ keep thy heart with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life and death.” Let God have your first thoughts ; let him be first in your affections, so shall your words and works please him : for, what are all our works to him, unless they spring from love ? Daily entreat him to take away all opposition that remains in your will, to his providential order : so shall you find rest in those circumstances, which otherwise would give you much uneasiness. The meditations of your heart leading to him ; the affections of your soul cleaving to Jesus ; your will sinking into *his* will ;—here is the rest of the *Saints !* while all that is within you calls your *Jesus* King. “ Whatsoever ye ask in *my* name,” saith your adorable Redeemer,

“you shall receive.” Ask then, my friend, for a greater power of faith; you believe, so will you increase in grace of his Spirit; and your soul will and more centre in God, till you be one spirit with him, who is the life living; yea, the very essence of heaven itself!

“To his meritorious passion
All our happiness we owe;
Pardon, uttermost salvation,
Heaven above, and heaven below;
Grace and glory from that open fountain!

To the bosom of our dear, Almighty
I commend you; O may his face
shine upon you, and his dear love
fill your soul! Pray much, and you
attain all the salvation you desire.
yours, in bonds of divine love,

H. A.]

LETTER XVII.

(To a Preacher of the Gospel, in answer to
inquiries relating to the state of her soul)

Macclesfield, Dec. 6

Dear Sir,

To tell you one thousandth part
preciousness of Jesus, is a task impos-
sible to men or angels. To *my* soul, he
is altogether lovely; the one object
which all my desires, expectations,
affections, centre—the Alpha and the Omega
To him my more than all I owe

snatched by his grace, a brand from the everlasting burnings! My Surety he is; my Life, my Peace, my Treasure, my Husband, Brother, Friend—my Wisdom, my Righteousness, my Sanctification; my all in all, for time and for eternity. Him, and him alone, I desire; him and him alone, I love.

“I have no sharer of my heart,

To rob my Saviour of a part,

And desecrate the whole:

His loveliness my soul has prepossess'd,

And left no room for any other guest.”

Yet, O how is my heart expanded, when I see, I have yet received but, as it were, a drop out of the ocean! but a glimpse of his precious fulness; and an eternity of growing bliss lies before me! This glorious prospect truly lays me where I would for ever lie, at his dear feet, the monument of his mercy. O that I could praise him as I would! but language fails, and I long for that day when I shall praise him in nobler strains above. Were he to give the summons now, and call from earth away, O how gladly could I wing my flight this hour! Loose from creature and created good, I only wait the joyful word, “Come up hither.” Then would I exulting,

“Clap the glad wing, and soar away,

And mingle with the blaze of day.”

In that blessed kingdom, dear Sir, I hope to meet you, though perhaps on earth we may meet no more. In the mean time, may

you be filled with all the communicableness of Father, Son, and Spirit; re-
herein with increasing joy, and made
useful in your Lord's vineyard, pra-
cerely your real well-wisher for C
sake,

H. A. I

LETTER XVIII.

(To MISS SALMON.)

Malpas, June 16,

My dear Friend,

How shall I praise my God for
goodness, his infinite stupendous love
how he heapeth his benefits upon me
maketh every other blessing sweet, the
gift of himself! Would any thing the
calls great or good, be any thing
without my God? Ah! no, no;
thing most desirable is hateful to me
wherein I cannot taste, or feel, or see
thing of my dearest Lord: but all glory
to him, he is my all in all things. He
to love this only lovely, dearest object
my wishes. Let him, my dear sister
our Lord and King for ever. Yes,
take our hearts—"Manage the wheel
thy command, and govern every spirit."
How sweet is the yoke of Jesus! O
gentle, how tender, how compassionate
care! how hath he borne with you
as weak and helpless lambs in his arms

ried us in his bosom, and defended us from the fowler's snare ! Eternal, precious Lord, thou in-dwelling Trinity, whom truly our hearts do love, accept the gratitude which words cannot speak : in silent adoration we adore thee, overwhelmed at thy amazing grace ! I cannot utter, my dear friend, the sweet feelings of my heart, or tell you how divine an union my spirit feels with yours. O may you now, and henceforth, prove all that Jesus can bestow ! How much is that ? Words cannot tell you : but yours it is, through the merits of his blood.

I intended to begin my letter with thanks for your love and kindness to me at Chester ; but I was led to the precious fountain of all comfort, and when I had once begun his mercy's theme, I could not break off ! I bear, however, a grateful sense of the affectionate regard you manifested : and though to tell you so is all I can do, my Lord will surely reward. My love to dear Miss Bennett, and all that family ; and to all where you are. I bear them all on my heart before God. I love them all ; and if they knew how Jesus loves them, they would not keep back their hearts from him. I got safe to this place, and am treated very kindly by this loving family ; but, O how I feel for those who love not God ! My dear Miss B. *is as open and free as before : my soul cleaves to her, and I have great hopes. Pray for her, and for your ever affectionate*

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XIX.

(To the same.)

Macclesfield, May 20,

My very dear Friend,

How agreeably was the reception of your affectionate letter! But I am sorry to find your health is so indurated. My dear friend, let me advise you to take all the care you can of your body, which is not *your own*, but the Lord's. Am I fully convinced we have no right to trifle with the precious talent of health, which is lent us to improve to the glory of our God?

I every day experience fresh causes for fresh motives to praise and love our Father and Lord. Nor is my grateful heart less affected by the gracious tenderness of his love to my dear sister. O my love, can you *now* distrust him for any thing? Surely his love hath destroyed unbelief for ever. Can you *now* put no limits to his power or faithfulness; his grace—his willingness to save. O praise him and trust in him for ever!

“ Look for his perfect love,
Look for his people's rest;
Hope to sit down with him above,
And share the marriage-feast.”

Yes; there I trust we shall meet in joy together! there we shall sing of his grace, and tell to all the listening throng, how rich redeeming love is, and how precious, kept and preserved

and strengthened, and at last brought us safe where the wicked cease from troubling—where the weary are at rest.

I rejoice that you are still pressing on to the attainment of that holiness which God calls you to. Only come by simple faith, and you shall soon experience that sweet rest, “from self and sin set free.” I look upon this blessing as consisting, not so much in overwhelming joy, as humbling love: though joy, as an effect, will surely follow after. With me it was thus: I sunk into my own nothingness, and was humbled in the dust: Emptied of self and self-dependence, I submitted to be saved by grace. My depth of weakness was laid open to my view, but I cast myself on Jesus as my strength: emptied of all, I plunged by a simple act of faith into his fulness of love, and found him all my salvation, and all my desire. When Satan suggested, Thou wilt soon lose what thou hast attained; I told him, Let my Lord see to that; “He that keepeth Israel, neither slumbereth nor sleepeth; Jesus is mine with all his strength and fulness; and his grace is sufficient. I think, my dear friend, if you expect thus to be laid at the Saviour’s feet, in humblest love and self-abasement, the temptation that the blessing is something greater than you will be able to bear, will vanish, or at least lose all its force; and being thus humbled, thus united to Jesus, hang momentarily depending on him, and fear not but he will be your keeper

Faith is the bond of union, and in your union with him lies all your strength. He will water you every moment ; yea, he will dwell in you as a well of water springing up into everlasting life. He is himself all you want : he is holiness ; he is heaven ; and he is yours ! My soul longs for you.

“ O may you gain perfection’s height,
And into nothing fall !
Be less than nothing in your sight,
And Christ be ALL IN ALL.”

You will, you surely will ! Nay, I have no doubt but you will soon prove this ; for the Lord enlarges my heart in your behalf and I trust your next will convey the happy tidings.

The Lord is peculiarly gracious to you unworthy friend, and condescends to bless my small labours for him. In visiting the sick, I found a great increase of love to God and to the souls for whom Jesus died. At some places, the neighbours coming in, the power of the Lord has been very present and some of them, who were before asleep in sin, are crying out, “ What must we do to be saved ? ” And so many fresh ones are sending to me daily, and begging I will call upon them, that it seems as if my employment would soon be too great for my bodily strength ; but if he call me to the work, I will give strength for it. My one desire is to spend and be spent for him. Our pre-
*maid has a deep concern upon her mind,
I trust will not rest short of pardon.*

uprightly. I cannot tell you the grateful feelings of my heart on this account. I thank you for your kind intention in the affair you mentioned. I hope my God will reward every token of your undeserved love to your very unworthy, but sincere friend in him we love,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XX.

(To MISS LOXDALE.)

Nantwich, June 30, 1779.

MY dear friend's letter was indeed a pleasure and a blessing to me; and my Lord's great goodness to you is a fresh motive to love and praise him. But fresh motives of this kind are no new thing to me: I am ever discovering instances of his goodness that fill me with wonder and astonishment, and cause me to exclaim with holy David, "Lord, what is man that thou art so mindful of him?" Great things indeed, my dear sister, hath the Lord done for you, and for your unworthy friend; and yet, O stupendous grace! we have only received a drop out of the ocean of his love: an endless prospect and a maze of bliss lie yet before us: opening beauties, and such lengths and breadths, and depths, and heights, as thought cannot fathom, or mind of man conceive? It is, my friend, the fulness of the TRIUNE GOD, in which we may bathe, and sink, till lost and swallowed up in the ever-growing, overflow

ing ocean of delight ! His fulness ! O *who* is it ! shall we *ever* fathom it ? ever *know* a ten thousandth part ? Ah no ! a ten thousandth part of that effulgence we could *not* bear to know and live ! Nay, and when disembodied, through the revolving ages of eternity, I am persuaded we shall only seem *beginning to know his fulness of love*. What thoughts are these ! when I enter into them, as into a labyrinth, they almost overcome my natural powers ! O how very little of his revealed glory can this earthen vessel contain ! But a time is hastening on, (and I eagerly wait for its approach,) when no longer imprisoned in clay, our eyes shall be strengthened to see him as he is : see him for ourselves, and bask for ever in his smile. Yes, we shall be with Jesus, and behold his glory. He will reveal to us also, as much as we can bear, of the fulness of his Father's glory ; and we shall be with Father, Son, and Spirit, filled to all eternity ! But I have been led farther than I intended : I must return.

Permit me to ask, my dear friend, what are your ideas, what is your opinion, or what your experience, of inward, instantaneous sanctification, whereby the *root*, the *in-being* of sin is destroyed ? I do not mean, or allude to a state of Angelic or Adamic, but a *Christian perfection* ; a destruction of every *temper contrary to love* : a state consistent with many temptations of the devil, if our heart repel those temptations, and our wi

do not embrace or yield to them; for that cannot be sin, in which our WILL has no part.—Thus it was with Jesus: “In him was no sin, yet he was tempted in all points as we are.” Before his pure eyes did that enemy display all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them! To his spotless soul he suggested distrusting doubts and presumptuous expectations; but in the Son of God they found NO PLACE. Again: what I mean is a state consistent with a *growth in grace*; for Jesus, though always pure, “increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.” Is not such a state expressed and described in the thirteenth of the first book of Corinthians: and is it not commanded in these gracious words, “Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks?” Does not the Apostle add, “This is the will of God concerning you?” And, after praying, “Now the God of peace sanctify you WHOLLY;” does he not pray, “That your whole spirit, soul, and body, (after they are so sanctified,) may be preserved blameless to the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ?”—Then follows the glorious promise, “Faithful is he that calleth you, who also WILL do it.” And is not the same thing promised in the sweet promise you named, “I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you?” &c. And again, did he not “swear to o

father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him ALL the days of our life?" By the state I weakly attempt to describe, I mean, that degree of humble love which excludes every temper contrary thereto; and faith, that excludes the remains of unbelief, and every tormenting fear; "for he that feareth is not made perfect in love." It is fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, through the Spirit, by whose abiding witness we can say, "Abba, Father—my Lord and my God," with an unwavering tongue.

I know this precious gospel salvation is even derided by some, and exploded by many: Perhaps you may have conversed with some of these, and not have met with many who have dared to speak for God in this respect; some of my expressions may therefore appear odd, or unusual; but compare them with Scripture, and mention with freedom any of them you may wish me to explain. As I know your situation, you will excuse the liberty I take in advising you not to meddle with OPINIONS; these insensibly eat out of the soul the precious life of God. Dispute not with any; or if they seek hurtful disputations, it is a good way to propose prayer. But it *may* be well, as much as may be, to avoid the company of those who love vain controversy. Endeavour after a calm recollected spirit—an heart-felt union with a holy God

Sweet truth—God is Love, and Love is the Christian's ALL! Love in us is his nature imparted; it is the fulfilling of the law, the perfect law of liberty. Whosoever loveth his brother, hath fulfilled the law to his neighbour; and he who loveth the Lord his God with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, hath fulfilled the law to him also. To such "his commandments are not grievous,"—not a task, a wearisome burden, but a delight: "They are ways of pleasantness, they are paths of peace." And as we are under a law of love to God; so God, our God in Christ, is under a Covenant of Love; in which he is made over to us all *he is*, and all *he has* to give; his every attribute; his Wisdom to guide and teach; his Power to protect, help, and strengthen; his Faithfulness, his Truth, his Mercy, &c. all sealed over, and secured by covenant promise, and covenant blood.

Oh, my dear sister, what a blessed portion is ours! Let us determine to prove it all. We *may*, and I trust we *shall*: and together praise, in endless day, the great Three One. I am ever yours in him,

H. A. ROE.

LETTER XXI.

(To the same.)

Macclesfield, Aug. 4, 1779.

I THANK you, my dear sister, for your last, and would have written sooner, but

emptying you

lowed up in HIM : he is crying
the world, that you may live to him
him alone : he discovers to you the
of holiness, that your soul and all
may be captivated thereby, and en
ask and receive all his goodness wai
It is no marvel that Satan shoots
darts, and employs his strongest b
prevent this work of grace : he eve
he ever will. This precious sal
tirely overturns his kingdom in the
heart, he hath no more place, no r
he finds no inward evil now (in
saved) to close in with his tempt
every dart is now repelled ; qu
Love discovers all his snares,
with the strength of Omnipoten

These will lead you to see, we are ed, as well as justified, by *faith alone*, not for our merits, fitness, or deserv- out faith lays hold on the blood of as the procuring cause of our holi- and which *alone* cleanseth from all sin. food is all-sufficient; as prevailing *now* er will be. What then does the be- (hungering and thirsting after right- ss, or inward purity) wait for? The e is, "They shall be filled." Why

We may come just as we are; and e may come this moment. It is said, xxvi. 18,) "We are sanctified by faith s;" and the work in that verse is plainly uished from justification, or the for- ss of sins, both being there clearly ed. If then it be by faith alone, it be also instantaneous, in the same r as our pardon was. Did we not e the one in a moment, by and in t of believing? And why should we

le at coming the same way for the "By grace are ye saved, THROUGH t," in all the different degrees of that on, which we can receive in the body. grace, then it is no more of works; but

by works, we need wait *for* none : ty come just as we are, yea, just now. y the Lord, while you read these lines, the windows of heaven, and fill your *with his pure love*. Do you thirst? *1! rivers of living water gushing out Redeemer's wounds—water that wil*

wash your inbred sin away. Is not the Holy Ghost waiting to apply the efficacious blood, and make you white as snow? Hovers he not round you? Knocks he not even *now* at the door of your heart! O let your inmost spirit cry,

“Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor hence again remove;
But sup with me, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.”

Amen, Lord Jesus, answer the prayer of thy child; be it unto her as her soul desireth—fill her heart, and fill it now. I feel for the trials of your present situation, but the sweet love of Jesus shall bear you above all. Take no thought for the morrow, but momentarily live *to* God, and *for* God, and nothing will be able to harm you. I am, my dear friend, yours, in the best of bonds,
H. A. ROE.

LETTER XXII.

(To the Rev. Mr. FLETCHER.)

Dublin, Dec. 14, 1784.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I BELIEVE it will not be unacceptable to you to be informed how a God of love is blessing his dear people in this city. You have a peculiar right to expect this, because you were made, through mercy, the instrument of kindling a gracious flame in many hearts, and of preparing others to receive the message of salvation;—a present salvation, even from all sin. Had not you and

your dear partner been here before us, it is probable we should not have been received as we now are. But the sound of your Master's feet was behind you, and a gracious savour was left upon the minds of the people in general; so that, when we came, we found them eager to embrace the *whole* gospel. I had the clearest assurance, before we left England, that our appointment for Dublin was of the Lord, and every day brings me fresh proofs of it. It was also a kind Providence which brought us here on the very day that precious woman, Mrs. King, (now Mrs. Johnson,) was married, and in consequence of which went to reside at Lisburn. Had we arrived before the society suffered so great a loss, my poor services might not have been so acceptable; and, had it been later, the minds of the people had been grieved to excess. But the novelty of strangers first engaged their attention, and the word of the Lord then soon became a sin-killing and soul-saving word, so that now every one's cares and fears terminate in a determination to secure their own salvation.

Another great blessing is, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Blair (his fellow-labourer) are united as the heart of one man; Mrs. Blair, also, is a sister indeed to me, in spirit and *real affection*, so that we are a family of love, and one small house serves us all.—And not the preachers only, but the ste

ards, leaders, and people, *all unite*, and have only one strife—how they may best promote each other's happiness, and the cause of God. And glory, glory, glory, be ever ascribed to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, *it is promoted!* Sinners are snatched by grace, as brands from the burning, and the kingdom of God and his Christ is set up in many believing hearts.

"Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above:
But the Lord shall shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love."

In six weeks from the time of our first arrival, many were awakened, and nine received a clear sense of pardon: these returned public thanks, which greatly encouraged the seekers, and raised the expectation of all. As it was manifestly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, it was thought expedient at our love-feast, October 13, to give notes of admittance on that occasion, to many who were not as yet members of society, but appeared desirous of salvation; so that near seven hundred souls were present; and a feast of love it was, such as I believe many will praise God for to all eternity! After several, who spoke with great freedom and simplicity, a poor penitent besought us with tears to pray for her. The kindlings of love, which had been felt before, now became a flame in every believing soul; and when fallen on our

knees, the power of God descended of a truth; every corner of the house was filled with cries of "God be merciful to me a sinner!" or, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, who hath forgiven all thine iniquities!" Not one remained unaffected, and we have since found that seven were justified at that time; among whom was one that got a note of admittance in the morning; and several who came only with a faint desire, were deeply convinced of sin. The next night another was justified under the word, and a backslider healed: and soon after, while Mr. R. explained and enforced, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," dear sister Rudd, whom I persuaded, you well remember, (for you took great pains to encourage and help her forward,)—even this poor, nervous, afflicted woman, who has been a seeker twenty-one years, laid hold on the promise by faith, and received the "knowledge of salvation by the remission of her sins;" and notwithstanding she is often greatly oppressed by her bodily disorder, she is still enabled to claim her interest in redeeming blood. A poor, vile young man, who had indulged himself in all kinds of sin with greediness, and, according to his own expression, "believed no God more supreme than himself," strayed into the chapel, just as Mr. Rogers gave out that text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be

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 pression, "believed no God more supreme
 an himself," strayed into the chapel, just
 Mr. Rogers gave out that text, "Believe
 the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be

saved :” he was that hour cut to the heart, and is now earnestly seeking salvation, and has received much comfort. Under the same sermon, one was justified, and another backslider healed.

Since this, a man and his wife came to preaching together, who had been seekers seven years, and their states nearly alike : they did not sit near each other, but were both set at liberty under the same sentence, and in the same instant. They both ran to lay hold on Mr. R. as he came from the pulpit, and there met each other, and rejoiced together with exceeding great joy. The man said, he knew his wife was blest before they thus met, as well as he knew that himself was. Another person, who had been a backslider ten years, first into Antinomian principles, and then into gross, open sin ; fell lately into deep despair, and many times attempted to put an end to his life, but was as often prevented by an almost miraculous Providence. Friday, November 12, was the last time, when he had placed a loaded pistol to his breast, and intended to discharge it the next moment, but these words came with power, *Why will ye die ?* He instantly fell on his knees, and dropped the pistol. He came afterwards to the preachers, who endeavoured to encourage him ; and on the Tuesday following, he was at our prayer-meeting, where an agonizing spirit of prayer was given : he obtained then a comfortable hope of mercy, and at night under Mr. Blair’s preach-

was set at liberty. This he told me the next morning with streaming eyes, and gratitude unspeakable.

Nov. 18, we had another love-feast at Gravel-walk; it was a more wonderful season than even the former. We know of nine that we have reason to believe were justified; and many lukewarm professors were greatly stirred up. Two of these found peace in the blood of Jesus the week after; another on Sunday night last, who was a Papist; and another last night. A Jew is also convinced and converted; and from being, according to his sect, a Pharisee, is now zealous in his love to Jesus; though at the hazard of his life, for his own mother, and other relations, have attempted to murder him at different times.

One of sister Johnson's classes, and another, since new raised, are committed to my care. In the first of these are now thirty-eight members, in the latter thirty-six; and within the last quarter, ten of these have received a sense of pardon, and four others are enabled to love God with all their hearts. I have likewise undertaken a class of young girls, from about nine to fourteen years of age. In a few weeks many of them began to feel awakenings, and a few were deeply convinced of sin. A month ago, one of these, ten years of age, received a clear sense of pardon: she told her companion of the same age, who prayed and wept, and would not be comforted, till she obtained the s

SPIRITUAL LETTERS,

ing, which was in a few days. When
rest heard this, they were greatly stirred
and the following Sabbath two more
re as clearly justified, one of eleven, the
er thirteen years of age. There is a great
d visible change in all these; and they
eak clearly and experimentally: seven
ore are under conviction, and, I doubt not,
ill soon be brought into liberty. In all,
e have certain accounts, since we came, of
orty-six justified, eight sanctified, and one
undred added to the society.

As to myself, I never was so truly happy
in *every* sense; happy in increasing union
and communion with Father, Son, and Spirit;
and sunk into depths of humble love, I feel
my unworthiness and nothingness indescrib-
able; yet, stupendous grace! all the com-
municable fulness of a TRIUNE GOD is mine
I feel the equal love of the UNDIVIDE
Deity. As I worship the FATHER, so
worship the SON and the HOLY GHOST—
GOD—MY ALL IN ALL. I am happy too,
one who is truly a help to me for soul a
body, for time and eternity, and who grea
encourages me in all my labours; happy
my situation, amongst a lively, affection
people, who make it their study how to
nifest their love; nor have we one jar
string amongst us. O may we ever be
*humble at the Saviour's feet, and all
lessings (as through grace they do) pro
cale to heavenly love. Please to rer
in the most affectionate manner.*

Mrs. Fletcher. We entreat an interest in both your prayers. When I last asked this favour at Leeds, I believe you granted it, and that your petitions were answered. Once more then, *pray for us*; and believe me, dear Sir, in gospel love, your willing servant,

H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER XXIII.

(To MR. MATTHIAS JOICE.)

Dublin, May 1, 1785.

Dear Brother,

MY soul greatly rejoices in your joy. I do join with you in that song which shall never end, "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory for ever and ever." O how precious is that life of simple faith you describe and possess! Go on, favoured servant of the Lord, and he will show you greater things than these. I do not mean, there is any thing greater or higher than LOVE; but in this ocean, what heights, what lengths, what depths! what immeasurable degrees, even in that communion with a Triune God, which it is our privilege to prove! I know you feel something of what I mean, even of equal love of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. This we cannot properly feel, till freed from inbred sin; where sin remains, there cannot be that close union with the Father I now speak of; but sin be

destroyed, we know the meaning of those words, "The Father himself loveth you:" and again, "I and my Father will come and make our abode with him." Yea, the whole Deity flows in upon us—we are one with God. Consider that blessed scripture, "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, and ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price?" By whom? by Jesus; therefore glorify God the Father; even the Triune God—Father, Son, and Spirit, with your bodies and your spirits, which are his.

" Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,
We'll praise the One and Three,
With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd
To all eternity."

I hope the Lord will carry on a gracious work in Drogheda; I am glad to hear you see so good a beginning. I never heard of so universal a revival as, I am told by many, is now spreading through England, Ireland, and America; and yet I think it is but the beginning of what the Lord will shortly do. Let us not be weak in faith, and we shall see showers of blessings. The promise shall surely be accomplished; and perhaps hastened speedily by the universal cry of God's dear children: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea."

I doubt not but you have had a precious season with Mr. Wesley; I think I never saw him more truly filled with his de

Master's spirit. We have heard of two souls convinced of sin, and eight justified under him while in Dublin : and, blessed be God, two more, since he left us, can praise a reconciled God, and one is set at perfect liberty ; besides three more of the children, who have received remission of sins. I find, blessed be God, my own soul is as a watered garden ; and I have access to a spring whose waters fail not, from which I ever drink fresh supplies.— O what wells of salvation !—what an unfathomable ocean of love !

A trifling affliction of body has, I think, sunk me deeper into God. Such heart-felt, solid peace, such inward nearness to, and fellowship with him, I have proved the last fortnight, as is better felt than described. It has been much of

“ That sacred awe which dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.”

O for an enlarged heart ! O for ten thousand tongues to praise my God ! As it is said, “ In that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, you in me, and I in you : ” so it is—the blessed day is come ; I do know it, I do feel it ! I know what it is to dwell in the Father, through the Son, and by the uniting power of the Holy Ghost, and ever worship an undivided Deity. These words have often been spoken to my heart, and I feel them now applied, “ All that I have is thine : ” Yes, my Lord—and I possess a *drop out of the ocean* : if I had much more *at present*, it would lay me dead at thy feet

but all is mine in happy reversion, and what my weakness *can* bear, thou wilt impart. O make thyself room, and more of heaven bestow! Thou wilt, thou dost enlarge my heart; I grasp the God I seek, the God I love, the God I enjoy to all eternity.—Eternity! O what a word is that!—A Triune God my own to all eternity! Yes, yes he is! Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! Be humbled, O my soul, and help me to praise him, all ye hosts above! O that all the world knew the riches of divine love! O that all believers would give him all their heart.

My brother, let you and I covenant afresh with God, to spread the savour of his grace with all our most enlarged powers; especially his full salvation, that rest from all sin, that rest of perfect love; received by simple faith, and by faith *alone*. I think I never read any thing wherein that blessing is more clearly described, than Mr. Wesley's sermon in the March and April Magazines for this year, which, I believe, will do much good; for, how many have been discouraged by not knowing and considering that one point, "Sin is a wilful transgression of a known law." If this were the constant rule by which we judge of what we feel, how many vain reasonings would be answered; how many subtle suggestions of the enemy a mistake through ignorance, or through an imperfect memory, together with various but false impressions from an enemy

dulness of spirit occasioned by the body ; or a flutter of spirit occasioned by surprise, &c. none of these, I say, or all of them put together, would then appear a sufficient reason, why a soul should cast away its confidence respecting what the Lord has wrought : seeing these are consistent with pure love, they are not wilful transgressions of a known law.

May the Lord bless you in your soul and labours, still more abundantly, prays, dear brother, your friend and sister in Jesus,

H. A. ROGERS.

LETTER XXIV.

(To the Rev. MR. WESLEY.)

Cork, Jan. 24, 1788.

My dear and honoured Sir,

NEVER had one, so every way undeserving, so much reason to praise a God of love. Day after day,—nay, every hour I breathe, he loadeth me with his multiplied mercies ; yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head. If I did not love him with all my consecrated powers, and momentarily offer up my *little all* ;—if I were not resolved to embrace every opportunity to spend and be spent in service so divine, I should of all mortals be the most inexcusable : for, O, his love to me is boundless ! I prove it an ocean without a bottom or a shore ! The sweet communion I have with Father

Son, and Spirit, is unspeakable ; and whatsoever I ask of God in faith, it is done. In God I live ; in him I move ; by him I act and speak, and it is in him alone I enjoy all mercies.

Since I wrote last, we have fresh cause for praise. The Lord is doing wonders among us here. It seems very likely, at present we shall see as great a work here as Dublin. At the visitation of the classes this Christmas, we found the Society increased from 397 members (the number it contained last Conference) to 504 ; and the number of classes are increased from 24 to 30 ; and 14 souls have found peace with God since September last. The Christmas festival was the most blessed season. On Christmas morning, at four o'clock, the preaching-house was well filled, and God was truly present and blessed ; many were awakened, and some converted. Many more were awakened, and four justified, at the watch-night on the new year's eve. Several also found pardon at the love-feast, and many witnessed a good confession ; but the time of renewing our covenant exceeded all : fourteen souls were that day born of God ; some at their classes and the rest at that sweet, solemn season of the covenant. The house was truly shaken (I mean, every soul therein) by the power of God. I believe none present, preachers and people, will ever forget it. I trust I shall. It was none other than the

God!—the gate of heaven. O how was I filled with his presence! how did I bask in the beams of his love! how was I made to feel his immeasurable fulness all my own, through Covenant Blood divine! Several were perfected in love, and several back-sliders restored. Since this, between thirty and forty have joined the society; several of whom date their deep awakenings from the covenant night. Mr. Rogers saw it expedient, on that occasion, to give notes of admission to some who were halting between two opinions; and most of them were then, and are now, determined to be the Lord's.

My class being now divided, I meet twenty on a Tuesday, and eighteen on a Friday. My heart is knit to these precious souls; and, blessed be God, we never meet in vain. The Lord is pleased to bless me in all my weak labours, and he knows I ascribe to him all the good done, and all the glory. I do lie at his feet, and am astonished at his condescending love to such a worm. Last Sunday evening, thanksgiving notes were sent by four persons, for a sense of pardon received last week; and we hear of two more, who received the same blessing that day. Several of our dear friends, who know and love the Lord, have entered into solemn covenant with him, and with each other, never to rest *till they experience PERFECT LOVE.* One of *these has since received the blessing, and seems in all things a new creature indeed.* *We have got another new place for pray-*

ing, in a very convenient and popular of this city. Mr. R. preached there time, a fortnight ago, and told the congregation, he would meet in a class as many as determined to forsake their sins, and seek kingdom of God with all their hearts. Fourteen offered themselves, and were committed on trial; and since then, five so that there is a new class meets with nineteen members. Great good is likely to be done, as most of the hearers that are strangers, who perhaps would never have heard elsewhere. We have now five preaching-houses, at different parts and distances; and I believe, we shall reap a glorious harvest of precious souls. Since we came, seventy-seven are enabled to rejoice in a reconciled God, and many seem just ready to step into the pool of life-giving mercy.

We hear good news respecting the work of God in Dublin, and in other parts of the kingdom: O may the Lord ride on the glorious and triumphant chariot of grace to salvation, till all be subdued! My dear Rogers begs me to send his duty and love to you, and joins me in daily intercession to the throne of grace, that you may be filled with the fulness of every new covenant blessing. I am, my very dear Sir, your ever
and truly affectionate, though unworthy friend and servant,

H. A. R.

LETTER XXV.

[To one who had set out fair for the Kingdom of Heaven, but at this time was grown languid and faint in spiritual things, and likely to return to the spirit and customs of the world.]

Cork, Jan. 16, 1789.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE long desired, in the bowels of love, to see your soul advance in spiritual life; and having considered your state in secret, and in solemn prayer before God, I think duty calls me to try, if by freely and faithfully expostulating with you, I may, through grace, be an instrument of stirring you up to seek the Lord afresh, in that manner which alone will avail to your salvation; even so as experimentally to feel him your God reconciled in Christ Jesus. Short of this you cannot be happy,—you are not *safe*. An unpardoned sinner is under all the curses of a broken law; especially that sentence, “Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;” which stands in full force against that soul who has never taken refuge in the one and only propitiation for sin: even *Jesus Christ the righteous*: for no man can come unto the Father, but by him; neither is there salvation in any other. He himself assures us, “If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come:” and, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of

God." Bear with one who loves you then, while I ask a few serious questions, as in the presence of that God before whom we must shortly both appear, and in whose sight all things are naked and open.

Are you now as earnest in seeking the pardon of all your sins, as you were when, two years ago, you came with deep penitential sorrow and floods of tears, to join the society of God's people? O that you could answer me in the affirmative! You well remember the language of your soul *then* was, "The remembrance of my sins is grievous unto me, the burden of them is intolerable; a wounded spirit who can bear?" You saw yourself a **BARREN FIG-TREE**, a cumberer of the ground, a brand ready for the burning; and that infinite justice must have sentenced you to the pit from whence there is no return, if unmerited mercy in your divine Advocate had not prayed, **LET IT STILL ALONE!** Your cry was, with the publican, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," and with sinking Peter, "Lord, save, or I perish." For a time you acted agreeably to such convictions;—promising was the prospect, and fair the bud of grace; the arms of love were ready to receive you, and angels even began to rejoice over a repenting sinner. But, ah! where are *now* those fervent desires, those ardent breathings after God: those restless longings which nothing but the knowledge of his love could satisfy? Wh

every ordinance and mean of grace? How seldom was your seat in God's house then empty! Where is fled that deep seriousness which then ever sat on your countenance, and accompanied all your conversation!—that deadness to worldly company, worldly concerns, and the good will of worldly persons!—in short, that whole deportment which loudly spake to all, that the language of your soul was,

“None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ,—in earth or heaven.”

My dear Friend, I could weep over you while I see the sad reverse: Alas! it is not with you now, as it was *then*; you seem to have lost that blessed power, that weeping penitence, that happy victory over all the charms a delusive world can boast: Say, is it not the case? Have you not sunk back into careless ease and indifference, with respect to heavenly things,—a false peace, and is not your spirit become light and trifling? You can now converse on worldly subjects, even as others, and joint in their empty laughter; yea, and prefer such company to the lovers of Jesus.—O! why is this awful change? Is God no longer a just and holy God to punish sin? Is he no longer a God of Truth, who hath said, “The soul that sinneth, it shall die?” And, “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven?” Is Christ and salvation, pardon here, and

glory hereafter, no longer desirable? otherwise, why then are you neglecting trifling with your most important concern? why are you returned to that which can satisfy? I tremble for you! O cry might to God, and rest not till you are again filled with that hungering and thirsting that can be satisfied, but in an experimental knowledge of Jesus crucified, and his name written on your heart.

As the first step to a recovery, let me beseech you, *now*, lift up your soul to Him; discerneth in secret, and ask him, Lord, why is thy striving Spirit departed, or departing from me? Yea, ask your soul, wherein did you *resist* and *grieve* Spirit? He convinced you, he that would follow Christ so as to be saved by him, must forsake and give up ALL. But were you faithful and obedient to these teachings? Did you not, after a little, begin to look something back, and say, is it not a little *one*? Was there no creature delight, beloved companion you had forsaken for Christ's sake, which you have again yielded to and taken pleasure in? pleasing yourself with the hope, that this Agag might be spared? whereas, the Spirit of Truth said, "The companion of fools shall be destroyed;" and you are expressly commanded, "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, on this condition only, saith he, "I will receive you, and will be a Father unto

and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

While you obeyed the voice of God, you could not go to balls, plays, or cards; for his Spirit taught you, "She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth." But, have you not been prevailed upon?—or if not, have you not, in what is called *little things*, conformed to the world? Such as fashionable adorning of the body, even in *immodest*, as well as *costly* array? whereas, the command is plain and positive, and easy to be understood, "That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or costly array;" and again, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind:" that is, if ye would "prove the acceptable will of God." Now, consider a moment; after (contrary to checks of conscience) indulging yourself in any of these things, could you pray as before? nay, were even your desires after God and spiritual things, as lively and vigorous? Ah no! the Spirit of God was grieved, and he moved not upon your spirit; he left you to yourself, and you neglected duty more and more; till now, I fear, you can at times plead with the world you had forsaken, against singularity, against *shutting* yourself up from carnal company, and *subjecting* yourself to the sneers and *disdain* of those who see no beauty in Christ and salvation.—Alas! how changed; b

trifling did you once account the scoffs and frowns of such ; yea, not worth a thought, when you first felt your state as a lost sinner : then you would cry,

“ Let earth and all its trifles go ;—
Give me, O Lord, thyself to know,
Give me thy precious love.”

And are you happier now ? Are you in a safer state—more fit for heaven ? It is true, you may have less fear of hell ; but this is no good sign, for you have more *cause* to fear. You were then a *repenting* sinner, and had you persevered to seek, you would, before now, have been a child of God, and an heir of glory ! But you are now a *trifling* sinner. And, O think a moment ! what is it you are trifling with ? With God that made you ;—with Jesus, who shed his blood for you ;—with the Holy Ghost who awakened, and hath been long striving with you. You are trifling with eternal happiness and eternal pain, and with your own immortal soul ! This is an important subject, and demands your immediate attention : in a little time it will be too late to reflect or repent. O then, as you value eternal life, stop ! O go not a step farther from your God ; but return with weeping and supplication, to the feet of him you have pierced,—Him who yet prays for you, or you had been in hell : to Him who is yet willing to wash you in his own blood and by the power of that Spirit you have *trifled* save you from all even your

besetting sin. But delay not, or he may swear, "You shall NEVER enter into my rest." Speedily cut off the right hand,—pluck out the right eye, take up your cross, and give up all. You cannot serve God and Mammon. You cannot be a friend of the world, and not be the enemy of God. You cannot indulge the spirit of the world, without losing your own soul. And be not deceived ; if you follow the fashions and vain customs thereof, *you have* the spirit of it, and love it more than God. "If as the world you live, you as the world will die." God forbid this should be the case ! O flee for refuge to the hope set before you ! and let me have joy over you in time, and in the day of eternity.

I have, however, warned you ; and perhaps it may be your last warning, your last call, if you should now neglect ; God will not always strive ! He may, before you are aware, lay the axe to the root of the tree, and cut it down. O that you may henceforward bring forth the fruits he requires ; first, the fruits of repentance, then the genuine fruits of faith. Then shall I meet you with joy, among the sheep at the right hand of yonder dazzling throne !—when the Ancient of Days shall sit, and the books shall be opened—when the righteous shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father, and be as pillars in the house above, to go out no more ! Amen, Lord Jesus, prays yours ;
real affection,
H. A. ROGERS

LETTER XXVI.

(To one lately emerged out of Arian darkness.)

Cork, Nov. 5, 1789.

My dear Miss D—,

I RECEIVED the favour of yours, and rejoice that you know in whom you have believed, and that your face is now Sionward. Go on, my dear Sister, it is a blessed path: the goodly land is before,—the land of sacred liberty, and glorious rest from all sin. O that you may soon prove by happy experience, “Perfect love casteth out all [slavish] fear!” and that the deepest humiliation before God, on account of our ignorance, helplessness, and unworthiness, is not only consistent *with*, but inseparable *from* rejoicing evermore; for the ground of that rejoicing is, that he who hath loved me, and washed me from my sins IN HIS OWN BLOOD, hath *all* the honour and glory, and is all in all for ever; while I sink a poor worm at his feet, overwhelmed at his free, unmerited grace: grace that plucked me from the gulf beneath; reconciled a poor guilty rebel to her God; changed the leopard’s spots, and made the Ethiop white. Thus, the more deep our sense of unworthiness, the more precious is Jesus, our interceding Advocate *with the Father*, who, in his exalted human nature, ever liveth to intercede for us, *on that day when he shall deliver up the king (viz. his mediatorial office) to God even*

Father, and the glorious Godhead of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, shall be all in all for ever. O the preciousness of such an High Priest, such a Saviour, such a Counsellor, such a King! O for more heart-felt union with him,—more of the power of his transforming love! Blessed promise, “He that hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness shall be filled.”

You have heard, I doubt not, of precious Mr. Fletcher’s death, and how he proclaimed with his latest breath,—**GOD IS LOVE!** O that we may be filled as he was, with his heavenly Master’s Spirit. *There* was a witness of the power of grace! a living and a dying witness that Jesus can save to the uttermost! Let me exhort my friend, to come just as you are to the open fountain of his precious blood! and how soon may you feel the merit of him you were once taught to despise, made of God unto you, not only Wisdom and Righteousness, but also Sanctification and Redemption.

You see how freely I write, as if I had known you seven years. I hope you will follow my example in this, and let me know the particulars of your spiritual state, that I may rejoice yet more in your joy. My love and my dear partner’s attend you. May he that liveth and was dead, who is the first and *the last*—the bright and the morning Star, be the portion of your happy soul, prays your
invariable friend,

H. A. ROGERS

LETTER XXVII.

(TO MRS. CONDY.)

Cork, Oct. 11, 1789.

My dear Friend and Sister,

I BELIEVE you are well able to answer your own questions. However, as you desire it, I will freely tell you my thoughts on what *we* call Christian Perfection. We do not mean hereby the perfection of God, of angels, of disembodied spirits, or of Adam while innocent. But we mean that perfection of which *our* nature is capable, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Second Adam. We are under the law to Christ; viz. the law of love,—the law of liberty; or, in other words, the covenant of grace. Whosoever loveth the Lord his God with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself, filleth this law. The lowest degree of this salvation is to have all contrarieties to this love cast out of the soul. We may be said thus to love him with a *pure heart*, when proud self and great *I*, are slain, and we feel only humility. When anger, fretfulness, or impatience, are no more; but we ever feel a meek and quiet spirit: when, *I will*, and *I will not*, are all brought into subjection to the will of our heavenly Father: and *will is*, that HE should reign over us: *we* he really does regulate and govern our *sions*, affections, and desires; inord

desires and inordinate creature love, being no more : and, lastly, unbelief (and consequently all tormenting fear, and painful anxiety) is wholly cast out. But after all this, it remains that we go forward, that we grow in grace, till we be not only emptied of sin, but filled with all the fulness of God.

The moment a soul is justified, it is freed from the power or dominion of outward, and of inward sin ; and may hold fast that blessed freedom to the end. But, supposing a person does this, such a one will feel a mixture of evil propensities, tempers, affections, and desires ; which defilement is so rooted in our nature, that none but JEHOVAH JESUS can cast out "the strong man armed, and spoil all his armour wherein he trusted." It is true, we may mortify, resist, and keep under those evils ; but Jesus alone can pluck up and destroy every plant and root which his Father planted not. We may gradually grow in grace and holiness, and hereby increase in victoriously subjecting the enemy within ; but Jesus alone can slay the man of sin.

All salvation, too, is by faith alone, as the instrument. If then we must be saved by Faith, it is in a moment, and the *present* moment, if not our own fault ; for, what wait we for, who are the children and heirs of God ? and therefore heirs of the promises, *which are all to us* "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." If we wait for more worthiness,—*to suffer more, to do more, to be more f*

then we are seeking to be sanctified by these things, viz. by works. But if we believe that we can only obtain the blessing by grace through faith, and that this salvation is the free gift of God; then let us be consistent with ourselves; let us expect it by faith, expect it in a moment, and expect it *now*, which are one and the same thing, and are inseparable. To be dying, and to be, indeed dead unto sin, are two things. Be not you my sister, content with the former: "A man may be dying for some time (says Mr. Wesley) yet, properly speaking, he does not die till the moment the soul is separated from the body, and in that instant he begins to live the life of eternity: in like manner, a man may be dying unto sin for some time; but he is not *dead indeed unto sin*, till sin is separated from the soul, and in that instant he begins to live the life of *pure love*." O you "dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ your Lord!

It is the blood of Jesus alone that cleanses from all sin; not penal sufferings, not mortifications of any kind, not any thing *we have* not grace already received, not any thing *we are or can be*; not death, nor purgatory, not the purgatory of all our doings, sufferings, and strivings, put together: *no!* Christ is the procuring meritorious cause of all our salvation. He alone forgiveth and he alone cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Faith is the only condition,

"All things are now ready," is the gospel message ; and Jesus saveth all them unto the Father, that come unto God by him. "Will, be thou clean," is his language to every seeking, leprous soul ;—to you, if not already cleansed.

Joy in the Holy Ghost is a blessed fruit of his salvation ; but divine joy is not always uniform : we may be sorrowful, yet *always* rejoicing ; and there is suffering love, as well as exulting love. A person saved as we are, may experience a degree of heaviness of soul, for a season, through bodily infirmities, close trials, or sundry temptations ; such a one cannot walk in darkness. Likewise, many mistakes are consistent with our state ; I mean errors in judgment, and failures in memory ; yet, the will stands firm for God, and the intention is always single. Voluntary sins (as some will call them) or sins of ignorance (except the ignorance be wilful) are not breaches of the law of love : for in all things we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, who is our propitiation, and washes our holiest duties in his own blood : to whom we will ever ascribe honour and glory. I am, my dear sister,
 as in the bonds of pure love,

H. A. ROGERS,

LETTER XXVIII.

(To Mr. H. of Sheffield.)

Cork, March 12, 1798.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE been so long silent, that I am almost ashamed to write at all. I can only say, I am more fully engaged than you can easily imagine ; and more so every day. As to farther apologies, I really have not time to make them, and must rely on your good nature to excuse me. It gave me real pleasure to hear of the prosperity of your soul. I cannot doubt, from the description you give, but the Lord hath put you in possession of what you so long desired, and you can *now* love him *with all your heart* ; or, in other words, from moment to moment, with all your present powers. What, with all your strivings, you could not do before, viz. to keep your mind from sinful wanderings, and the rising of evil tempers ; fix your eye on things above ;—fix your affections there ; this you now find is done by the power of God, through faith. It is not *you* that now live, but Christ liveth in you ; and your tempers, will, affections, passions, and desires, move in the will of God ; sweetly attracted and governed by divine love. You feel you are helpless ; but Jesus is Almighty, and faith makes all his omnipotence your own.—You are tempted ; but sin, though offered with a pleasing bait, can find no entrance : for, lo the Lord your keeper stands, omnipotent

ar, and till our WILL give way, we have not sinned. What some call *involuntary* is, or sins of ignorance, we know would be breaches of that perfect law, adapted and suitable to the perfect body and perfect soul.

Adam while innocent : his perfect knowledge gave him at one glance to see how he ought to act in all things : and if he acted contrary to this perfect knowledge, he sinned.

But we (even when sanctified) are not perfect in knowledge, and therefore an all-wise and gracious God hath put us under a Law

Covenant, adapted to our capacity, and which our renewed nature is capable of, even the law of love,—love to God and every soul-man. To keep *this* is Christian Perfection.

Love is the fulfilling of the law ; voluntary sins, therefore, or sins of ignorance, are not sins in the gospel sense ; but

him that believeth any thing to be sin, though otherwise unessential) to him it is sin. This you know ; and while you keep the law

in liberty, the law of love, you feel your any weaknesses and short-comings are all covered for by the all-prevailing, ever-pleading blood of Jesus : and in this sense it is, we every moment need the merit of his death."

I have had a touch of the fever and sore throat, lately so very prevalent in this city ; but, how tenderly hath the Lord sweetened my pain, by the divine consolations of love and constant presence ! I think I never was never so sweet before : he con-

tinually spoke to my heart, "All this is thine;" so that every moment I flowed up in love and praise. My sister joins me in Christian love, and me, dear Sir, to be your sincere friend and sister in Jesus,

H. A. R.

LETTER XXIX.

(To a Friend.)

London, Dec.

My dear Sister,

As our precious Lord has again to me a little strength, I feel renewed to devote it all to him. Wishing some little use to the afflicted among saints in this city; in the course of yesterday morning, I called up Jacques, (a poor woman, only this from our Spitalfields chapel) and I was so full I did so. She gave me a pleasing account of her husband, who died a month ago. Hoping and praying to prove as great a blessing to your sister as has been to mine, I here relate particulars.—They had been married fifteen years. For two years after their marriage they lived respectably: when it pleased the Lord to afflict Mr. Jacques with the palsy, he was unable to work; and about six months ago he had a second stroke, which took away the use of one side of

he was then confined to his bed. A blood-vessel was strained, or broke, which affected his throat, and formed a lump there as big as the head of a child. This affliction reduced them to deep poverty ; but they were assisted by kind friends, who also visited and prayed constantly with them. While in health, Mr. Jacques had frequently heard the Methodists, and was enlightened respecting the way of salvation ; and during his sickness he earnestly sought the Lord ; but his evidence was never clear, till a little before his death. His wife knew the Lord in her youth, but was a backslider in heart from his love ; yet she earnestly desired salvation for her dying husband, and would often say, " My dear, how is it with your soul ? Have you confidence in God ? " &c. He would answer, " I am not happy ; I have no assurance." She asked, " Do you not think he has power to save you ? " He said, " O yes ; but I want to know he does save me." Several friends prayed with him, and for him ; yet the cloud remained until the Monday evening before he died. As one of our friends went into his room that night, he cried out, " Lord, save thy servant this night ! O visit me with salvation under the prayer of this thy servant : pardon my sins, and heal my soul ! " The Lord heard, and (before his friend rose up from prayer) so delivered him, that he cried aloud,—*" Now I am happy ! Now I know Jesus has forgiven me all, and I shall be with him for ever ! I am happy*

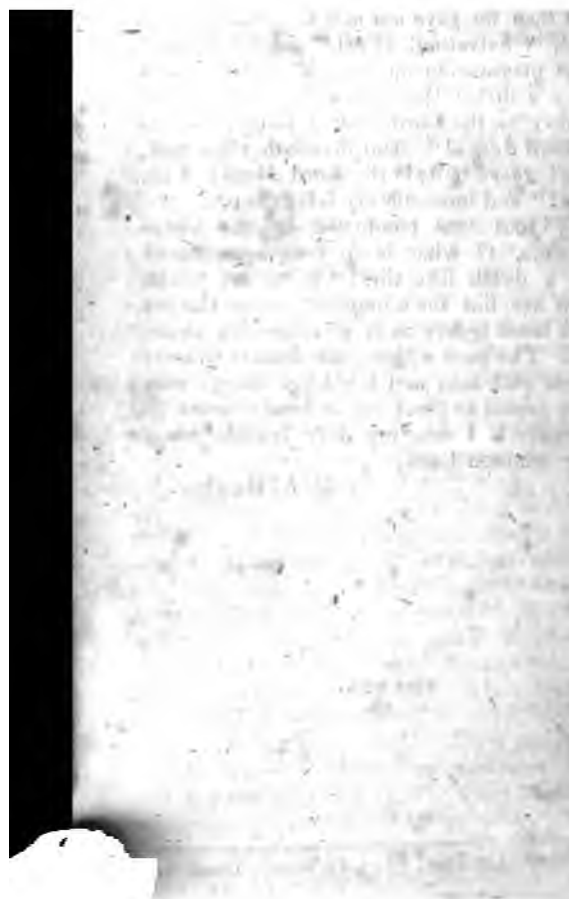
I am happy!" Thus he went on for some time. To his wife he said, "Trust the Lord, and be resigned, and seek his forgiveness with all your heart.—Are you resigned?" She said, "I cannot give you up."—"Not resigned?" said he, with great concern, "You *must* be resigned, for I *shall* be taken from you,—I shall die this night, therefore resign me quickly!" After lying composed a little, he bid them pray. A person present did so; but he bid them pray again. They asked, "Are you not happy?" He said, "O yes, I am; but you have yet need to pray: the time is very short!" They prayed again; he said to his wife, "Do you pray." She said, "Lord, help me to pray." And she earnestly entreated the Lord to finish his work: and that if any thing remained to be done, to speedily make an end of sin. This satisfied him; and he said, "That is right: thank thee. The Lord is here, and I shall soon be happy for ever!" Further adding, "I have much to say to thee, and the time is very short. Are you resigned?" She said, "I hope I am."—"Well, (said he) that is right: then I shall soon go! Trust God, and he will take care of thee." After lying a little, with his eyes closed, he cried, "Sing!—sing—I am just going!" They could not sing for tears: he seemed grieved, and cried, "Will none of you sing?" They could no answer him; and he said to his wife, "Who will not you sing? You ought not to we

And then he gave out and sung with a loud voice, "Salvation, O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears!" After which, he lay a little; then started up, and said, "*There* is the Lord Jesus! Betsy, *there* is the Lord Jesus!" And to another he said, "See! *there* he is! the Lord Jesus! I am going!" and immediately fell asleep.

My soul was comforted by the above relation. O what is all below compared with a death like this! What are trials, which are but for a moment, when the joy which is set before us is so exceeding abundant? The poor widow now desires to meet in class with me; and I bid her come: may she be joined to the Lord in bonds never to be broken! I am, my dear friend, yours in our common Lord,

H. A. ROGERS.

THE END.



THE
Character and Death
OF
MRS. HESTER ANN ROGERS:

SET FORTH IN
A SERMON,
Preached on the Occasion,
IN
SPITALFIELDS CHAPEL, LONDON,
On Sunday, Oct. 26, 1794,

BY THE
REV. THOMAS COKE, LL.D.

~~~~~

ALSO,

An Appendix, written by her Husband:
WITH VARIOUS PIECES,

Selected and transcribed by him from her Manuscript
Journals.

" SHE OPENED HER MOUTH WITH WISDOM, AND IN HER TONGUE WAS
THE LAW OF KINDNESS. HER CHILDREN AROSE UP, AND CALL HER
BLESSED; HER HUSBAND ALSO, AND HE PRAISETH HER." *Lemuel.*



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—
1815.



SERMON, &c.

HEBREWS IX. 27.

It is appointed unto Men once to die.

IF the remains of our departed Sister, in memory of whom the present Discourse is delivered, were now before your eyes, with all the pomp and splendour of modern funerals, it is not improbable but there are some, whose minds would be affected with a solemn, but superstitious awe, which the preacher has neither power nor inclination to raise. He is conscious that those, who had the privilege of being acquainted with her, need nothing more than the recollection of that amiable woman, under the blessing of God, to infuse into them that spirit of true solemnity, which alone becomes the Christian on these occasions. But yet, that which rises above every other consideration, is the momentous truth held out to us in my text, that great statute-law of Heaven, "*It is appointed unto men once to die.*"

forth to our view

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Lastly, Presen
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had been divinely honoured for centuries, took him into his everlasting arms, and fitted him at once for consummate glory. 2. Elijah, the great and highly honoured prophet, who had power to open and shut the heavens, and to call down celestial fire: when he had finished his suffering life in the midst of a crooked, adulterous, idolatrous people, his Friend and his God took him, soul and body together, in a chariot of fire, to the Heaven of Heavens. These are the exceptions we have had already.

And, in respect to futurity, "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound," and instantly all the faithful, who are then alive, shall put on incorruption and immortality, and shall afterwards enter into their Master's joy, without suffering the usual lot of mortality.

The above excepted, we must all pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and return to the dust from whence we came. And truly, my brethren, I know not whether I should not prefer, if the choice were given me, to tread the steps my Saviour trod before me, and to pass after him through the door of death, than to be at once translated to the realms of bliss. He has sanctified the grave by lying in it: and every path in which we follow the Lamb is strewed with blessings to the faithful. He will take care of our



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punishment of sin. Man was made immortal: sin alone brought death into the world and all our woe. "By sin," says St. Paul, death entered into the world." And shall we nourish and indulge our greatest enemy? Shall we harbour, yea, shall we *serve* the murderers of Christ? Shall we not exert ourselves to the uttermost against the greatest foe of God and man? Shall a little temporary joy or profit induce us to sacrifice everlasting happiness, and to embrace everlasting burnings? May the awful decree, "it is appointed unto men once to die," have such an influence on our minds, and be so accompanied by the operations of his grace upon our hearts, that we may always be enabled to say, with holy triumph, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

II. We now proceed to consider the second point,—the unavoidableness and certainty of death.

It needs no proof. Every thing else on this side of the grave is attended with probability or possibility only: This alone with certainty. If it be inquired, will such a child be rich or poor, be learned or ignorant, be honourable or contemptible, the answer is, Perhaps it may, perhaps not. But if it be inquired, *Shall he die?* The answer contains no *perhaps*: it is simply, He certainly shall.

•

I shall therefore only consider the present head in a way of application. For it is the heart alone which wants to be awakened on the present subject. Such is the sottishness of men in general, that they will not duly consider the transitoriness of all sublunary things, the mortality of our bodies, and the infinitely momentous concerns of eternity. Let us therefore examine into the grand reasons of this stupidity of man. We shall find it perhaps proceed from the following particulars:

1st. Immense multitudes are so immersed in the pleasures, honours, or riches of this world, that every thought of the certainty or approach of death is drowned therein. As soon as an idea on the important subject springs up in the mind, it sinks and is lost in the innumerable ideas which continually crowd in, concerning the things of time and sense: it is devoured by the worldly thoughts which are incessantly buzzing in the souls of carnal men. One is so eagerly pursuing the things of time, and so abhorrent of reflection, that with a variety of invented delights he impels the wings of time, to make them fly the faster; and is never contented but when the senses are gratified. Another is eaten up by ambition: he forgets he is a mortal; and power, and titles, and worldly honours are the only food of his soul. A third, like the fool in the parable, trusts in his riches. He says to his soul, "Soul, thou hast goods to

up for many years, eat, drink, and be merry." Whereas he might as well lay a plaster to his clothes to heal the wounds of his body, as imagine he can bring happiness into his soul, through any thing which the honours, riches, or pleasures of this world can possibly afford. If we will believe the Spirit of God, the sum total of them all is, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." If vanity can satisfy you, if vexation of spirit can give you content, if you can gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles, then go and dote upon the creatures.

2dly. Men in general are continually viewing death as at a distance; and thereby entirely lose sight of the awful certainty and unavoidableness of it. When they are young, the heat of blood, the incessant flow of the animal spirits, a vicious education, and the constant company of the dissipated and unawakened, drive away every thought of death, as if the solemn moment were at the utmost distance from them. Those, who are grown up to manhood, and are strong and healthy, think it quite sufficient to provide for death, when sickness gives the summons. Those, who are sickly and diseased, buoy up themselves in their false confidence, by the hopes of recovery: and even the aged, (strange as it seems,) regard their few remaining days as if they were years. Such is the state of the *unregenerate*: Such the dreadful consequence of a heart hardened to Divine things

by original and actual sin! What, if we were to summon you away, sinners, hour or a moment! How dreadful would the alarm! And should we not be moment prepared, by living in the favor of God, and in the light of his countenance, for who can assure himself for a moment to come? For ought you know, the film of a bubble, which holds your lives, is now breaking! O did we but seriously consider by what small pins this frame of man is held together, it would appear to us a miracle that we live for a single hour.

3dly. The apprehensions, the terrors arising in the minds of the unregenerate from reflections upon death, keep them from any considerations on the certainty and unchangeableness of it. The agonies of death, the senseless corps, the gnawing worms, the stench of rottenness, and all the other attendants of that grim king of terrors, form too miserable a subject for the jovial wretch or the dissipated throng, to reflect upon for a moment. But though the consideration of these things is very unwelcome, yea, very dismal to the minds of sinners, yet it is far worse behind; and that is the hell which deserves death: and the hell follows it. To be for ever shut up in darkness, to be the sport of devils, as devils can sport themselves with any thing, *to be banished for ever from the source of happiness, to have the soul eternally tor-*

by the worm which dieth not, and the immortalized body by a fire suited to its ever-dying, but never annihilated substance,—these subjects afford ideas, which if thoroughly attended to, and applied by the grace of God, would soon stir up the soul to enter into that state of favour with the Lord, which would make dissolution a privilege, and death a kind messenger without a sting, to open the gate to everlasting joys.

III. But this leads me to the third head of my discourse, namely, to lay down some considerations against the fear of death, for the use and comfort of believers.

1st. If the soul be immortal, if it were created and redeemed for the eternal enjoyment of God, and consequently enter after death on an infinitely better life than this, the believer may certainly be well contented, yea, glad to die. The glorious view which faith opens to the spiritual eye, far overbalances all the frightful objects, with which death is surrounded. The scenes of pure, perennial bliss, where saints eternally bask themselves in the bright beams of the countenance of their God, and bathe themselves in the rivers of pleasure which flow at his right hand for evermore, are sufficient, though only viewed in prospect, to elevate the soul above every terrifying thought which can possibly assail it. An old heathen philosopher, Tullius Cicero, in his dream of Scipio, beautifully observes, “If I were now disengaged from

my cumbrous body, and on the way to Elysium," (the place where the Romans supposed the virtuous would after death,) "and some superior should meet me in my flight, and make an offer of returning and re-animating my body, I should, without hesitation, accept of the offer: so much rather would I go to reside with Socrates and Plato, and spend my time conversing with them." But could a man thus triumph in the thought of enjoying a poor miserable paradise, and prefer that to life, how much more may a man triumph in the exulting thought, that he may spend an eternity with the wisest, the truest, the happiest of Beings, that ever came from the creative hand of God: yea, that he may spend an eternity with Jesus, the Son of the New Covenant, the joy of his Father and the delight of his eyes; where he may fix his ever-waking eyes on the infinite beauty of his adorable Lord; yea, if it were possible, would think eternity itself too short for the beholding and admiring such infinite excellencies, and for the soul's part in those heavenly espousals between Christ and his most beloved spouse, when all the angels of heaven shall triumph for joy, and the seraphims for ever sing the wedding song.

2dly. The whole life of a Christian is founded on a hope, which cannot be disappointed but by dying. How e

aken must he be, who fears *that* which he can gratify his highest wishes; and is great end of all his pursuits. What does Christian chiefly hope for? Is it not the enjoyment of his God in the realms of *is*? Is it not the restoration of his whole *are* to the image of God, in which it was created; and the recovery of that Paradise, which he has lost by the fall: a Paradise, the glories of which shall be inconceivably heightened by the union of the Divine and human natures in the person of the Second Son, the Son of God? Is it not to live ever with his adorable and most beloved Father, to be with him where he is, and to hold the glory which the Father hath given? Is it not to sit with Christ on his throne, according to his most gracious promise, even as Christ sits with his Father on throne? Is it not to join the redeemed the innumerable hosts of angels, in singing continually allelujahs, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power to God and Lamb? In short, is it not to see God face to face, to enjoy the beatific vision, to experience an inconceivably closer union and communion with God, than we possibly can imagine the present scene of things, to be forever blest in the close embraces of the Sovereign Good? But can we be possessors of these mighty joys, without passing through the valley of the shadow of death? And shall a Christian be afraid of that which alone can

enable him to realize the glorious hope, which is the very support of his life? Should it not rather be the language of his soul, "I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, which is far better?"

3dly. Death is no more than a quiet sleep. Thus it is frequently represented in the oracles of God. "Behold, thou shalt sleep with thy fathers. Many that sleep in the dust shall awake. Our friend Lazarus sleepeth. Stephen fell asleep. I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others, which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him. For we which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. Some are fallen asleep. They are fallen asleep in Christ. The fathers fell asleep." The inspired writers seem to delight in the metaphor, when applied to the death of the faithful: and what can be more expressive? The weary labourer lays himself down to sleep until the morning, and the Christian takes his sleep in the grave until the morning of the resurrection, only with this essential difference; the common sleep of nature deprives us of the natural light, but the sleep of death brings the believer to the vision of the true and otherwise inaccessible light. Why then should the Christian be afraid of death? Surely he may take

serpent into his bosom ; for he has not lost his sting, but is reconciled to the believer, and become one of his party. Therefore," says St. Paul, "Whether life or death, all is yours:" and again, "To me, to live is Christ, and to die, is gain." And may the Christian rejoice in death, and welcome the pleasing messenger ; for it is the door of death which draws the curtain, and permits him in to see God face to face in heaven, the palace of inestimable pleasure and delight, where the strongest beams of glory shall beat upon our faces, and we shall be made strong enough to bear them. Neither does it do any real injury to our bodies, since we shall be new moulded at the resurrection: "this mortal shall put on immortality, this corruptible put on incorruption:" and these dull lumps shall become as firm as the angelic nature, subtle as a ray of light, bright as the sun, nimble as lightning. Who is there, that is truly armed with the helmet of salvation, this hope of heaven, who would for a moment, desire to have the door of death reversed? Surely a holy soul frequently breathing forth desires, though with due resignation,) after the kind of death, to deliver it into so great and uncomprehensible a glory.

V. I now proceed, in the fourth place, to draw some inferences from what has been considered.

1st. If death be so certain and inevitable, and it be "appointed unto me die," what exquisite folly is it to have affections to cleave to any thing here. How painful must the parting be, are drawn from our dearest idols, chief joy! How different is the scene of the pious, and the unregenerate are waiting to receive the form to accompany them to their beloved Brother their adorable Lord; whilst devils to seize upon the latter, and to bring their place of torment. Some of the heathen were accustomed to the resemblance of a skeleton to them in order to remind their guests of their favourite motto, "Let us eat and drink to-morrow we die." Let us indulge in every pleasure of sense, since we daily approach, and we shall then have an eternal sleep. How much better advice of the Apostle: "But brethren, the time is short. It is so that both they that have wives, be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that use this world, as though they possessed it not; for this world, as not abusing it; for the form of this world passeth away." What any thing this world can allure us to at any price in a wise man's esteem?

and we perish in the using: they are dying comforts; and we must die who enjoy them. And, therefore,

2dly. As we must all shortly die, let us labour to be always in readiness and preparation for the awful hour. On this head of my discourse, I shall only lay down a few short directions, and then proceed to the more immediate subject of our meeting.

1. Wean your hearts from the love of the world. Death must and will pluck you from it. Why then should you toil and waste your lives on so precarious, so transitory an object. Every thing below is fading: But your precious souls are immortal. Be not therefore unequally yoked: join not your ever-living souls to dying comforts: this would be a tyranny worse than that which was exercised by those of old, who tied living bodies to dead carcasses. When you take your eternal farewell of all sublunary enjoyments, what lingering looks will you cast on those dear nothings, those miserable follies, which you clasped round your heart, unless almighty grace has wrenched your affections from them: whilst the soul which is crucified to the world, and the world to it,—which sits loose to every thing below, spreads its wings, and takes its glad flight to realms where bliss and love immortal reign. Soon will the films fall off from the eyes of worldlings. When they stand before the awful bar of God, with what astonishment will they behold the men whom

they once despised, shining as the star in the firmament at the right hand of the Lord. "They shall be troubled with terror and shall be amazed at the strangeness of their salvation of the righteous, so far beyond which they looked for: and repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, they shall be within themselves, These are they who had sometime in derision, and a reproach. We fools accounted them mad; and their end to be without shame. Now are they numbered among the elect of God, and their lot is among the saints. And then will the final separation take place: those who were here dead to the world, who walked with God, shall ascend up to the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and be with their Lord: whilst the others shall be cast into the place prepared for the devil and his angels.

2. Would you be prepared for death? delay not your conversion (if you have not yet) for another day. Get into Christ as soon as possible. By prayer and active faith, press into the ranks of the children of God. Remember that God has said, "many shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able." It is not a wish or languishing endeavour, which will serve the turn. He that is but a nominal Christian, shall but almost be saved; he must "strive to enter in at the strait gate." To those who thus knock, it shall be opened.

be opened. God delights to bless the earnestly-seeking soul.

3. Live every day as if it were your last, and the next were allotted for eternity. It may be so : and when we consider the importance of eternal things, of the everlasting happiness of the blessed, and the everlasting misery of the impenitent, it should lead us to leave nothing to the hazard. For there is no end of procrastination. There will be the same tempting devil, and the same treacherous heart to-morrow as to-day, only made more treacherous by delay. Therefore, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Now, while it is called to-day, harden not your hearts." Do you think you can be happy too soon? Or do you think that God will accept the dregs of your life, when you have given the strength of it to vanity, folly, and the devil? Begin, therefore, to live to God every day and every hour.

4. You, who are believers, be constant in the exercise of a holy life. Let your fellowship be with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Labour to walk in the light, as God is in the light, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son shall cleanse you from all sin. Walk as heirs of heaven, led and moved by the Spirit of Christ in you. Live habitually by faith in the Son of God, who loved you, and gave himself for you. Be much in the exercise of the presence of God ; and he will more and more smile upon you, and more and

more reveal himself to you. You strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, and shall overcome the world. Yea, you shall be more than conquerors through him that hath loved you.

5. Lastly, Take care to preserve the witness of the favour of God unto prayer for this. There is no strength can support you in a dying hour, nothing else will make you conquerors through life. To retain a clear conscience, your interest in Jesus Christ, and assurance of the love of God, O turn the waste wilderness of the world into a little Paradise: it will enable you to triumph with the Poet:

“ Should [Providence] command me to
verge

Of the green earth, to distant, barb'rous

——— 'Tis nought to me:

Since God is ever present, ever felt;

In the void waste, as in the city full:

And where he vital breathes, there must

Above all, at the hour of death, support us but this mighty blessing: it will support the believer. For it is not comfort, to think that death will turn his bottle into a spring. Though the water sometimes fails us, yet in heaven we are going, we shall bathe ours in an infinite ocean of delights, lying at the foot of an infinite fountain of life and glory. *Whoever has such an assurance*

welcome death, embracing it not only with contentment, but delight: and while the soul is struggling, and striving to unclasp itself, and to get loose from the body, it cannot but say, with holy longings and pantings, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

V. I proceed, in the fifth and last place, to present you with an epitome of the Experience, Death, and Character of our deceased friend, *Mrs. HESTER ANN ROGERS.*

She was born at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, on January 31, 1756; of which place her father was minister for many years. She was reared up in the observance of all outward duties, and in the fear of those sins, which in these modern times are too often deemed accomplishments. She was followed by divine impressions from her childhood, and was early drawn out to secret prayer. From our years old, she never remembered going to bed without saying her prayers, except once. When she wanted any thing, or was in pain or grief, she fled to God in secret; and it would be incredible to some, how often she received manifest answers to prayer in the early period of her life.

In the ninth year of her age, her pious father dying, her mother was prevailed on to let her learn to dance, in order to raise her spirits, and improve her carriage. This was a fatal stab to her divine impressions: it paved the way to lightness, trifling, love of leisure, and various evils. As she soon

made a proficiency, she delighted in this ensnaring folly. Yet, in all this was not left without keen convictions, drawings, and many short-lived good actions.

When she arrived at the age of four the Lord visited her with affliction: this illness she had an alarming dream, together with the danger attending her der, made a deep impression on her mind some time. But alas! her health and strength were no sooner restored, (being solicited by her companions to live,) she again returned to her former life, such as balls, plays, dress, assemblies the love of which continued to grow her more and more, for upwards of years, and nearly engrossed the whole time.

After this, she was deeply wrought by a sermon, which the Rev. Mr. Simpson of Macclesfield, preached on, "What it profit a man, if he gain the world, and lose his own soul?" And after she felt further convictions under which he preached upon the New from John iii. 3. She now saw and she had never done before, that she experience that divine change, or peris

In April, 1774, on the Sunday Easter, Mr. Simpson preached from *vi. 44*, "No man can come unto me, *the Father* which hath sent me dra

Under this sermon she felt herself indeed a lost, perishing sinner; a rebel against repeated convictions, and a condemned criminal by the law of God, who deserved to be sentenced to eternal pain! She felt she had broken her baptismal vow, her sacramental vows, and had no title to any mercy, or any hope! She wept aloud, so that all around her were amazed; nor was she any longer ashamed to own the cause. She went home, ran up stairs, and fell on her knees; and made a solemn vow to renounce and forsake *all* her sinful pleasures, and trifling companions.

She could not eat, nor sleep, nor take any comfort. The curses throughout the whole Bible seemed pointed all at *her*, and she could not claim a single promise. Thus she continued till Good-Friday. After many conflicts, she ventured once more to approach the Lord's-table. As the minister was reading that sentence in the communion service, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate," &c. a ray of divine light was darted into her soul, and she was enabled to believe there was mercy for her; she felt a degree of love to God spring up in her heart, and in a measure could rejoice in him. But, alas! this was only for a short season! She had never yet *heard* the Methodists, nor had she lost all her prejudices against them: but a neighbour, who had lately found peace with God, advised *her strongly* to hear them: she resolved *to go privately*, and went accordingly at five

o'clock one morning. The text was, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord your God." She thought every word that he said was for her: he spoke to her as if he had known all the secrets of her heart. She was much comforted, her doubts were now fully removed, she received a full and clear conviction of her sin, and of the truth of the promise, **ARE THE PEOPLE OF GOD.**

She met with a little pamphlet, "The great Duty of believing on Christ, the Son of God." She was much encouraged by this; and would gladly have spent more time in prayer: but her mother, (who was then sick,) would not suffer it. She went to bed, but could not sleep. At four in the morning she rose again, and began to wrestle with the Lord. She prayed, but seemed in vain: the heavens seemed to be made of brass, and her hopes seemed almost to despair! When suddenly the Lord came to her heart; "Believe on Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." She revived and cried, "Lord, I know thee, and I can depend upon thee." The Lord came, "*Only believe.*" "Lord, I believe," she said, "I *will*, I *do* believe: I put my whole salvation upon thee, as thou hast put my guilty soul into thy hands, and thou art sufficient! I cast my soul upon thee, and *eternity.*" Then did he give her salvation: in *that* moment, her doubts were removed: her soul was set at liberty.

Love of God so shed abroad in her heart, that she rejoiced with joy unspeakable; and for eight months she experienced no interruption to her bliss.

But now the Lord began to reveal in her heart that sin was not all destroyed: for though she had constant victory over it, yet she felt the remains of anger, pride, self-will, and unbelief, often rising, which occasioned a degree of heaviness and sorrow. At first, she was much amazed to feel such things.

About this time, the Lord was pleased to make the preaching of Mr. Duncan Wright a great blessing to her. He clearly explained the nature of salvation from inbred sin; and shewed it to be as freely promised in Scripture, and as fully purchased by the blood of Jesus, as pardon. Henceforth, she could not rest, but cried to the Lord night and day, to cast out the strong man, and all his armour of unbelief and sin.

On the morning of February 22, 1776, when at prayer, her intercourse was open with her Beloved, and various promises were presented to her view. She thought, "Shall I now ask *small* blessings only of my God? Lord, make this the moment of my *full* salvation: baptize me now with the Holy Ghost, and the fire of pure love. Now, cleanse the thoughts of my heart, and let me *perfectly* love thee."

Thus she continued agonizing, till the Lord applied that promise, "I will circumcise

thy heart, and thou shalt love the Lord God with all thy heart." She said, "thou art faithful, and this is thy word: I cast my whole soul upon thy promise. Lord, I *do* believe: this moment thou shalt save. Yea, Lord, my soul is delivered from all burden. I am emptied of all; I am weak, a helpless, worthless, worm; but I hold of thee as my fulness! Every thing I want, thou art. Thou art wisdom, strength, love, holiness: yea; and thou art mine. I sink me into nothing: it overflows me. O my Jesus, thou art all in all. In me behold, and feel all that fulness of thy love in my head mine. I am now one with God. My intercourse is open:—Sin, inbred, no longer hinders the close communion with God is all my own!"

She now walked in the unclouded light of his countenance; and yet she did not feel much *rapturous* joy as she had been expected: but was rather, as it were, overwhelmed with that

" Sacred awe which dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

She resolved, at first, not to declare what the Lord had wrought: but it was written in her countenance; and, when asked respecting it, she durst not deny the work of his love: and she soon found that recognition of his goodness, confirmed her own faith and more.

From this time, we may clearly

the increase of her joy in God, and her deep Communion with him, from her private Diary, where she writes as follows:

"On Trinity Sunday, June, 1776, I met in the Select Society at six in the morning, and it was a blessed season to my soul.

Mr. Wright dwelt a little on the equal love of each person in the adorable Trinity, in a manner which I found truly profitable; afterwards, he preached from Ephes. ii. 18, "Through him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father." He shewed the distinct relative offices of Father, Son, and Spirit, in man's salvation, and that the love of the Father was ever equal: as also that of the Son, and that of the Holy Ghost: that all the designs of the Son were the designs of Father also, and of the Holy Ghost. He also spoke much of the near union and communion with God, which believers might enjoy; especially those perfected in love. My soul was led into depths unspeakable, and saw such a fulness of God ready for me to plunge into, that what I now felt seemed only as a drop compared with the ocean! As I came into the chapel-yard, I felt peculiar union with the adorable Jesus in all his offices of redeeming love; and that verse of a hymn was so powerfully sweet as I never had felt it before,—

**"The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his."**

I was deeply penetrated with his presence and stood as if unable to move, and insensible to all around me. While thus in communion with my Saviour, he spoke words to my heart,—“All that I am is thine!—I am Jesus, in whom dwells the fulness of the Godhead bodily.—*I am*—My Spirit is thine; my Father is thy love thee, as I love thee:—The Deity is thine! All God *is*, and all is thine! He even now overshadows thee. He now covers thee with the cloud of His presence.” All this was so realized in my soul, in a manner I cannot explain, sunk down motionless; being unable to sustain the weight of his glorious presence and fulness of love. At the altar this was renewed to me, but not in so large a measure as I believe, indeed, if this had continually felt it before, but for one hour, the soul would have been dislodged from its tenement.

Friday 21. I prove, through both mercy and free-grace, an increasing course and communion with my God day by day. I live and move in him alone! Whatever I go, whatever I do, I feel the presence of the GREAT THREE ONE:—“*Y* dwelleth with me, and shall be in me for ever, as is his promise to my soul. I feel I am under his loving eye, and the continual guidance of his Spirit. I do indeed dwell in God, God in me! O love unsearchable to me, O worm!

“I loathe myself when God loveth me,
And into nothing fall!”

Sunday 23. In meeting with the select society again, I had unspeakable communion with the blessed Trinity! I had the same at the preaching also. Mr. Percival's text was, "O God! thou art my God." A sense of the Divine Presence almost overcame my body. All the day I have been filled with a solemn weight of love, and swallowed up in God the eternal Father, Saviour, and Comforter. At the Church, while that anthem was sung, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c. I was so overwhelmed with the power of God, and had such a foretaste of his glory, that I thought I should have died. O the depths of his indulgent, condescending love! He knows my trials, and the need I have of such consolations to strengthen and support my weakness. I live by faith,—this is my soul's strong anchor, which lays hold on Omnipotence, and receives a momentary supply for every want. My God is always near. He is my *one object*, the Centre and End of all my desires. He is my ALL IN ALL."

After a wonderful chain of divine leadings and remarkable providences, on August 19, 1784, she was married to Mr. Rogers, in whom the Lord gave her a help-mate for glory; just such a partner as she needed to strengthen her. He made them of *one heart and one soul*: and for above ten years crowned their union with his constant smile. Soon after their marriage, they went to Dab-

lin, where Mr. Rogers was labour. In that city they were received, and the Lord gave them the people. There they saw a big the work of God: and in the number in society was increased double. From thence they removed where also the Lord graciously work. His word greatly prevailed: and many in that member, with gratitude, the which they enjoyed together. appears from what our dear friend self when there, that she never more happy in her own soul, deeper communion with her God in her stay in that city. A three years in Cork, they London; and for two years removed to Wesley's house at the New Church. They also had the happiness the work of God prosper; many brought into Christian liberty years, not less than five hundred to the society, in the city. Here indeed it might be said, "Jerusalem were built in trouble." The awful event of Mr. Wesley's death, which happened during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers at the City, rendered their situation exceedingly trying, as many of you well know.

In August, 1792, the Conference met at Spitalfields. Mr. Rogers here (at Spitalfields)

to put this chapel and the adjoining dwelling-house, into a state of good repair: in which labour of love he was truly indefatigable:— you now reap the benefit, and are thankful that you can ~~here~~ retire and worship God in peace. Notwithstanding the work necessary to be done upon the premises was great; yet before the end of October, Mrs. Rogers and the children were comfortably placed in her new habitation; and a few days afterwards, she wrote in her Diary as follows:

“ I feel grateful to my God that I am placed *here*, though but for a season: where I can enjoy more retirement, and less of busy life. My God is with me, and I trust he will draw and unite more fully to himself his helpless creature! I have power with him in prayer, and I know he will answer my enlarged requests, for myself, my other self, and our offspring. I long for a yet larger measure of the mind of Christ; more of every grace, and a deeper communion with my God. All temptations respecting conflicts with Satan in death are vanished. I know my *Joshua* will be with me in *Jordan*. and see me safe through! Sometimes I have thought I shall have to pass that river before it be long; but that I leave to him. I feel no desire of life, but when I see my dear husband oppressed with trials; and my living seems as if it would be a help and comfort to *him*: or, when a silent wish arises to see my children grown, and partakers of regenerating grace: but I am kept from anxiety.

During her state of pr much bodily affliction, and low. The state of her sou from her own words; as escape from death which the time of her delivery.

"Jan. 1, 1793, I had yet I arose refreshed, and God alone. I feel him mi offered to him without various bodily oppressio present state, hinder my re him as at other times: bu on his almighty love! an trust in vain. He is my s my painful feelings do w for they lead me to cast my his fulness, and to seek my Yes, and I trust to prov these sweet lines:—

"I shall suffer and fu
All my Father's gracie
Be in all alike resign'
Jesu's is a patient min

On April 20, I suffered labour pains, and at nigh send for the doctor. He should soon be delivered my pains left me. I was the next day, and enabled *the Lord's* leisure. I st *than I had done* for so *greatly* refreshed. In th

ur came on again ; and the pain was so
ociating and constant, (though unavalla-
) that I thought I *must* have expired !
ing continued in this state about six
s, my labour came on with violence and
dity, so that in a few minutes I was
ifully delivered of a lovely girl. But,
it was nature's agony indeed !—For a
: time gratitude unspeakable overflowed
heart, and body and soul experienced a
en. But, this was soon past ; and I was
wn back upon the verge of eternity. Mr.
as laboured to save me till the sweat ran
n his temples for three hours,—and for
ve hours I was between life and death !
t, however, no fear of dying : all within
as peace. When capable of thought, I
d view a blessed eternity with delight.
covered very slowly : and at times suffer-
much ; but the Lord continued to comfort
soul ; and though few thought I should
restored, yet I believed I should. My
husband suffered much on my account ;
I believe his tenderness greatly contri-
ed to my recovery.

he Leeds Conference drawing near, my
partner left me on July 21, and in the
t after, my Hester was seized with a ma-
ant fever. The weather was uncommonly
and what my fatigue and weakness were,
only knows ! But he held me up, that
d not sink ; and my soul was happy in
ore. In this time of affliction I had

upon our valuable friends, Tooth, W Jones, and several others; then has meet my dear husband at our kind Mr. Senol's, where we supped. O th of love, preserve *these* until we me all again, where pain and parting more. On Wednesday, we dined Ball's, and then hastened in a coac our children, to Mr. T. Shakespear's, i field. It was Bartholomew's fair; a a scene, or rather manifold scenes (my eyes never beheld, as were ex where once dying Martyrs for Jesus up their latest breath! With difficu thank God, with safety, we got thro found my body very poorly, and exp faint; but I had not been long in tl before I was better. Through muc we arrived next day at Birmingham our friends received us kindly. On t ing sabbath, Mr. Rogers preached f determined not to know any thing am save Jesus Christ, and him crucified word was with power, and my a greatly comforted."

It was thought a change of air a tion would be useful to our dear and have been a means under (strengthening her delicate constituti an *obstinate windy complaint*, which attacked with near three years before solution, baffled all human skill, and the force of every medicine, and

her till the day of her death. During the last three or four months of her life, out of various other things, the following are extracted:—

“ Since I came to Birmingham, the Lord has been very present with me: I have indeed been fed with the hidden manna of his love! I have been peculiarly drawn out in prayer for the conversion of souls: and notwithstanding the enemy has laboured by various means to hinder this, yet the Lord hath given me to rejoice also herein. I feel my soul animated to praise my great Source of bliss! May all I have, and all I am, be his devoted sacrifice for ever! I feel it is good to live by faith: it brings deep peace, and present power. I never can watch so well as when I thus momentarily believe. I have of late felt very poorly in body; and have had a degree of dulness hanging on my spirit: but I flee to the Lord, I wrestle with him for its removal; and I ever find he is a present God when I call upon him. And, O! how he opens his heaven of love afresh in my soul, by giving me unspeakable views of what my Jesus suffered in the body for *me*! and the love and sympathy he still feels to every suffering member. I have felt of late, a deepening of the graces of faith, resignation, and entire dependance on my God. And, O! how good is the Lord, that he should *thus* prepare me for what he knew would *touch me* in the tenderest part.

“ After a very restless night, my duty broke out very full of the small pox for a fortnight I had much exercise and patience. But this was very what I felt on the return of my dear band from Bar, where (on May 19, he had a kind of apoplectic fit, He fell as sudden as if he had been shot—and continues very unwell. Yet in secret the Lord assured me he should *not live!* O! what should I do at a time this, if I had not a constant intercourse with my God? But blessed be he is dear to have access to him. He is *indeed* my strength, a very present help in trouble and fills my soul with strong consolation.

“ July 15, 1794. For some time I felt a desire, if the Lord saw good, to accompany my dear husband to the Bristol Conference. It would be a gratification to the dear children; but *much more* do I want to go, on account of my dear partner who has not yet recovered his late attack. I was in suspense however until today, whether I could go or not; but I see an opening in Providence; and there is a hazard with respect to my taking such a journey in my present state yet the Lord assures me he will preserve me going out and my coming in; and greatly *fortifies* my soul. On Tuesday 22, we *at four o'clock* in the morning, with *Pawson*, and as many more of the

as the coach could contain. We had a comfortable journey. I felt the Lord truly with me, and my body was in a wonderful manner strengthened; so that I was astonished to feel no more fatigued, when, about ten o'clock, we arrived at our kind friends, Mr Hartland's. We also had a refreshing sleep, and arose both of us, in better health than when we left home. May I deeply feel my many mercies, as so many various pledges of my Father's love! We found our three sweet boys, thank God, all in health, and overjoyed in seeing us. Joseph is making swift progress in the printing business, and likely to make an excellent workman. Benjamin is approved by his master, beloved by his school-fell ws, and above all, I trust he truly fears God. My James is very childish (he is but eight years old) yet I think I see in him the dawns of a noble spirit; which, if governed by grace, will one day give us comfort in him also, and make him a blessing to thousands.

“After different scenes, and manifold consolations during the time of Conference; on August 10, we rose before three o'clock in the morning, and set off at four, on our journey home. Our friends were very affectionate; and our dear children also got up to see us set off, and we left them all well, though sorrowful to part.—I claimed my Lord's promise, to preserve me in coming in, as in going out; and I proved him faithful. He did wonderfully strengthen my poor body.

and sustain my soul with his sence. We arrived safe in our tion by nine in the evening, three children we had left, although I felt inexpressibly we brought safe in so critical a situation months from the time of my experiment) filled my soul with unspeakable.

During the few remaining weeks she continued to breathe the language of a saint truly ripe for

"Monday, Sept. 1, I had an intercourse with heaven in truth my soul stayed upon my God was a blessed day of nearness word was precious food; and heart enlarged in praise; and Tuesday 3, was also a day of in thought of bodily weakness. precious time in meeting my although the poor sinners were by the window, I believe all, myself, so felt the divine presence disturbed by the rabble.—Thurs much cramp, and little sleep which in some degree has weakened my frame: but I feel peace Friday 5, I believe in answer to refreshing sleep, and was better day, and my soul comforted in Thus she goes on from day to the same unshaken confidence

in *her God*; even until she could write and speak no more!—The last words she was able to write in her Journal are these:—"My body is very poorly, and has been so most of the week; O! what a clog to the immortal spirit! Yet I am kept in a *praying, depending, resigned* frame; determined to trust my God with my ALL."

On the 10th of October, 1794, the expected time of her travail being come, she was in great pain most of the day; and about eight o'clock in the evening she was delivered of a fine boy. She was not a little distressed with her inveterate *windy disorder* during her labour; but after her delivery she seemed much relieved. She lay composed for more than half an hour, with heaven in her countenance, praising God for his great mercy, and expressing her gratitude to all around her. She took Mr. Rogers by the hand, and said, "My dear, the Lord has been very kind to us: O, he is good, indeed he is good! But I'll tell you more by and by." She thanked the doctor, and told him she would remember his kindness and attention another day, and expressed her *entire* satisfaction in all he had done. But, alas! after this her *terrible complaint* returned with redoubled violence, and instantly threw her whole frame into a state of agitation not to be described! A medicine just then arrived from the doctor, which she took: but all in vain! After a severe struggle for about fifteen minutes, bathed all over

With a calmmy, cold sweat, she laid her head on her husband's bosom, and said, "I am going!" Mr. Rogers, recovering a little from the dreadful feelings he had experienced, found a desire to propose a question or two to his dear wife, relative to the state of her soul: not for his own satisfaction: for (as he observed to me) he could as soon call in question the truth of Revelation, and of all religious experience from the beginning, as doubt of her eternal happiness: but he did this that God might be glorified, as in her life, so by her death, in the presence of many of her friends who were standing by. He said to her, "My dearest creature, is Jesus precious?" She replied, "Yes, O yes, yes." He added, "My dearest love, I know Jesus Christ has long been your all in all. Can you now tell us he is so?" She replied, "I can—he is—yes—but I am not able to speak." He again said, "O my dearest, it is enough." She then attempted to lift up her face to him and kissed him with her quivering lips at latest breath! About ten o'clock (two hours after her delivery) she gently fell asleep Jesus, in the thirty-ninth year of her leaving her inanimate clay in her husband's arms, and *seven children*, to feel their speakable loss!

Thus lived, and thus died one of the best women. Almost every thing that is good he said of her, if she be viewed as a *Daughter, a Wife, a Mother, a Friend, a*

Christian, or as a public Person, particularly as a leader of Classes and Bands, in the Methodist Society. Almighty grace, to which alone he ascribed all the glory, got to itself a victory indeed in this amiable woman.

Her filial duty is hardly to be exceeded. Whilst she indulged herself in those pleasures which the world calls innocent, but which the children of God in all ages have known to be inconsistent with vital religion, she enjoyed the smiles of her mother, and of a flattering world. But no sooner did she become a confessor of Christ, but the clouds of persecution lowered, and afterwards fell down upon her with great severity. Her mother not only confined her for a considerable time, but at last gave her the alternative of leaving her house, or of becoming her proper servant. She preferred the latter; and though brought up in the most delicate manner, and of a very respectable family, she submitted to the degradation, and for several months went through all the *most menial* offices with a patience and meekness not to be shaken. Her mother, finding her incorrigibly pious and steady to her God, (enthusiastic, as her mother would have termed it) for the sake of her own honour, raised her again from the ashes to the state of a child. But all this time Miss Roe discovered nothing but the height of filial affection; and continued so to do in every instance till her mother's death.

Her conjugal affection was equally great

Sermon on the Death of

and steady; and indeed (as may be observed from what has been already said) Mr. Rogers stood in need of such a help-mate for him. When he was stationed in London as the assistant preacher, his steady attachment to the Methodist discipline raised up many powerful enemies against him. His sufferings were inexpressible, and his constitution very much impaired thereby: though at the same time it must be observed, that an unanimous vote of thanks was granted him by the Methodist Conference, for his exertions and his immoveable patience and fortitude in defence of Methodism. Mrs. Rogers was, my knowledge, during those three years severe trial, his support indeed. More true conjugal love could not, I think, be manifested by a wife to her husband, than was hers, both at that time, and, I verily believe upon all occasions. It seems probable, she had received some secret intimation of her death, before she was taken in labour, which appears to be proved by a correspondence, which were found among some of her choice papers, a little after her death. Her glowing effusions, which may be expected to flow from the heart of a most affectionate wife, are so evidently displayed in her lines, that I transcribe the whole:

“ My hour is come, and angels round me wait
To take me to their glorious happy state;
Where free from sickness, death, and ev'ry pain
I shall with God in endless pleasures reign

unsporting thought! Thou dearest man, adieu!
I feel no sorrow, but in leaving you.
Thou, my comfort, thought, and only care,
These last words thy kindness I'll declare.

truth, in constancy, in faithful love,
How could you equal, none superior prove;
Compell'd by frequent sickness to complain,
I strove to lessen and assuage my pain.

Tender care you never fail'd to shew,
Constant sharer in my present woe.
More I would say, my gratitude to own,
But breath forsakes me, and my pulse is gone.
Adieu, dear man! ————— O spare
My flood of grief, and of thy health take care.

A blessing to my babes: Thou wilt be kind
To the dear infants whom I leave behind.
Train them to virtue, piety, and truth,
And form their manners early in their youth.

Adieu to all who now on me attend,
My faithful servant, and the weeping friend.
The time is short 'till we shall meet again
With CHRIST, to share the glories of his Reign!"

Her maternal care and affection shone
Especially bright. Though she devoted much
Her time to religious duties in public and
Private, yet nothing seemed to be left undone
Which could make her children comfortable
And happy. She even prevented all their
Fancies; and was equally, nay, if it were possi-
ble, more attentive to Mr. Rogers's children
Than his former wife, than to her own. To
The whole of them she delighted to give "pre-
cept upon precept, precept upon precept, line
upon line, line upon line, here a little, and

there a little;" watering the whole of her labours upon them with many tears and devout fervent prayers.

As a friend, she was faithful and immovable in her attachments: nothing but friends forsaking God, could induce her to abate her love for them. She was formed for society, and possessed the most delicate feelings which could arise from the social principle. And when some of her dearest intimates treated her with neglect, on account of some disputes in the connexion, which they had nothing to do with, she could still weep, and love, and pray for them, not as unworthy of her friendship, or of the favour of God, but as led away from her by misinformation, or error of understanding, and perhaps also by some deviations from the perfect love of God.

But her *forte*, her greatest excellence, consisted in the enjoyment of her God. A very considerable part of her life evinced that salvation from sin, and salvation from sufferings, are very different things. Her firm patience under deep afflictions, has but rarely, if ever exceeded. Her conduct at the hour of nature's sorrow, in every instance, astonished all who were near her, and her sufferings on those occasions were very exquisite. Her animal spirits were astonishingly good at all times. She has never in her life been in what is generally termed, *low spirits*. She was ever cheerful; and always ready to lift.

hands of her husband and her friends, and to encourage their hearts. She enjoyed, for many years, that glorious blessing, which St. John, in the 4th chapter of his 1st epistle, speaks of as his own experience, and that of many of whom he was writing,—that “perfect love of God, which casteth out all fear that hath torment.” In short, she walked with God, she lived in the blaze of gospel-day, and Christ was her all in all.

And as a public person, she was useful in a high degree. She never indeed assumed the authority of teaching in the church, but she visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and delighted to pour out her soul in prayer for them. Very many dying persons entered into the liberty of God’s children under her prayers and exhortations, for she possessed a peculiar gift in bringing a present salvation home to the soul. The profit received in Macclesfield from her holy conversation for years before she married, induced pious and mourning souls to visit her; and a very considerable part of her time was daily spent in answering cases of conscience, spreading forth the loveliness and excellencies of Christ to penitents, and in building up believers on their most holy faith. She then was a leader of Classes and Bands, and a mother in Israel to the young believers entrusted to her care. After her marriage, she still became more extensively useful. Mr. Rogers, on his entering into a circuit, would

only give a very few to her care, desiring to complete the class out of the world soon by her conversation and prayers attention to every soul within her reach would the number spring up to thirty or forty and then, her almost cruel husband in respect, for the glory of God, would transplant all the believers to other classes keep her thus continually working a mine. In the city of Dublin only, Rogers himself confesses, some hundred those whom he received into the society, brought to Christ, or were awakened by gentle but incessant labours of love. Cork also, and in London, a similar success attended her pious exertions. Thus did Lord mould this blessed woman into his image, as the potter does his clay, and his glory as the ready writer does his until she had served him in her generation and he said to her, It is enough, come higher.

GO, AND DO THOU LIKEWISE

AN APPENDIX

TO MRS. ROGERS'S FUNERAL SERMON

Written by her Husband.

AS this tremendous stroke of Providence has wounded me in the nerve; I hope any irregularity of impropriety of expression, how

able on other occasions, will be pardoned by the candid reader in the present instance. Especially as he will perceive in the preceding sermon, that mine, is *more* than a common loss!

The valuable Pamphlet, lately published by my dear companion: which contains a clear account of her experience from her childhood; supersedes many remarkable occurrences, which should otherwise have followed in this supplement: and, as that little performance either is, or *may* be, in the possession of any friend who desires it, I am unwilling to say the same things, which are ranged there in a better manner, than I feel adequate to, under my present circumstances. If what follows be made useful to any of my friends; the return I desire, is a constant interest in their sympathetic prayers; that I may be supported under my irreparable loss; and enabled to conduct myself in all things, during this most awfully trying scene,—not like a *stoic*, but as a *Christian*.

In my dear companion I have certainly lost one of the best help-mates man was ever united to. Her feeling sympathy, and faithful love, were, I believe, seldom equalled, and never exceeded!—With hers my soul still feels, as it were, entwined and interwoven. She was (under God,) the centre, and constant spring, of all my domestic happiness. In her I have not only lost one of the most valuable, and most faithful wives; but no

dear children, at the same time, are bereft of a most tender, affectionate parent, who always had their interest and happiness at heart.

But what is incomparably more afflictive still to me, I have lost in her, my best helper and mate in spiritual things!—She always gave me uncommon assistance in my labours; and greatly soothed all my cares and anxieties for the church's welfare. She was ever my comforter, in the time of sorrow. The evenness of her temper, and the cheerfulness of her disposition, both in sickness and health, were wonderful. I never saw, for one moment, any thing like gloom in her countenance; neither do I remember one trifling word ever to drop from her lips: but on the contrary, she was always ready for spiritual conversation: and no company pained her mind, equal to that, where religious subjects were unpleasing or impracticable. With her own words, soon after our arrival in Dublin:—

“ Mrs. ——— invited us to dinner, where we met with much gay company. Dr. ——— took up the attention of the whole, with a trifling, ridiculous conversation, so that it was a very unprofitable season: and I could not see the Lord in my spirit, that we might have more such visits as these!”—And, that we had no more such, while we continued in that city: but on the contrary, our conversation, in general, were serious, spiritual, and

ble, so that some time afterwards she remarks,—

“ We dined with Mr. S——, and Mr. Henry Brook was with us; he appears a man of deep piety, and the conversation was profitable. Blessed be God, *all* our visits since the first, have been more to his glory. My soul feels much nearness to the people; and a sweet assurance, we shall be blessed among them: and made a blessing.—O! for a heart-reviving shower of grace, and Pentecostal blessings! The Lord, I know, sent us here, and surely it is for the good of souls:—My God, let *this* be promoted, and thou shalt have the endless praise!”

Such was our union of soul and sentiment, that the secrets of our hearts were always open to each other. And it was no small consolation to me, that I had *one* upon earth, so dear to God, who both knew, and approved of *all the motives*, from which I acted, in public, as well as in private life. Hence it was, that, from a conviction of her duty to God, she was ever ready to resist the unkindness of my opponents; and warn me against the craftiness of *pretended* friends: and her penetration herein, was astonishing; so, that I do not remember, I ever relied upon her judgment, or acted by her advice, but I found it good.

As to her literary abilities, they were rather out of the common way. She had a critical knowledge of the English tongue; and her

application to reading from her made her capable of conversing upon *any* subject; whether of an historical, philosophical, or theological nature.

With respect to the labours of her life she was, of all I ever knew among the most assiduous. Writing seemed her *peculiar* talent; and she took great light therein, even from her childhood; yet, she never, on that account, or on any other, once neglected any part of her domestic duty. She might be truly said to have devoted her time, in order to improve her talent. While I was absent an hour one morning, breakfasting with a friend (although she was prevented by sickness from accompanying me) upon my return, her usual smile, presented me with the following *Acrostic* upon our marriage

“ JESUS, the source supreme of our delight
And soul of all our joys, of all our might;
Made us of twain, inseparably one,
Ever to love as He hath lov'd his own.

So may we love—as JESUS loves his Bride
And nothing shall his love from her divide
Nothing make twain the souls whom God has joined
Death only leaves Mortality behind.

Heav'n shall complete OUR UNION here below
Endless as vast eternal circles run.
Say, shall not then thy spirit join with mine
To praise the wonders of the plan divine?
Each vie with other, which shall swiftest
Ready to strike afresh our harps above,
And bless the SAVIOUR, thro' whose Love

No hand but thine, DEAR JESUS, mark'd the road,
No wisdom, love, or power, but that of God.
Resolv'd to bless—He to each other gave;
Oh! that thro' life—His utmost power to save;
Grace upon grace, our happy souls may prove;
Enwrap'd, implung'd, and swallow'd up in Love;
Ready to clap the wing—His call obey,
Soar up together—Love in endless day!"

My dear partner never considered herself as a Poetess, and rarely attempted any thing of the kind: nevertheless, these lines will shew, she was not entirely without that talent also.

Some of her letters, with a few other productions in prose, have appeared in print: but these are very small, compared with the numerous Manuscripts she has left. Besides the vast quantity of Letters which she wrote to her pious correspondents, she kept a *Diary* of her life, from the time of her conversion to God, (which was in the seventeenth year of her age) till within a few days of her death. So, that I am favoured with, I believe, not less than three thousand quarto pages, all written by her own hand: and every page clearly discovers, that for the space of more than twenty years, she enjoyed constant fellowship and communion with the TRIUNE GOD: and that she never forsook her *first love*;—nor lost a sense of the Divine favour, from the day of her conversion, to the hour of her death.—None but those who live in the same spirit, can properly conceive the degree of intimacy, which subsisted between her

and her God. That the reader may be cited to press after the same enjoyment will here give him a small specimen, of almost uninterrupted language of her husband and pen.

“ I was so happy in the night that I had very little sleep, and awoke with these words—“ The temple of indwelling God—My soul sunk into depths of nothingness, and enjoys closer union with thee this day, than ever before. Every moment I feel such a weight of love, as almost overpowers the faculties of nature! I know I could bear no more and live; but I do not feel ready to say,—O give me more, and let me die!—I long to be freed from earth. But help me, Lord, to wait resigned, without *suffer*, or *do* for thee. I need not lay this body down to feel *thy presence*!—Thou dwellest in my heart,—and shalt for ever dwell!—Thou art my present heaven! my soul’s eternal all.

“ I went to bed last night, so full of love of God, I could not sleep for hours; but continued in secret intercourse with my Saviour. At preaching this morning, I was so overcome with the love and presence,—and *exceeding glory of* the ONE GOD,—that I sunk down without support it! I was long before I could *or speak*.—All this day, I have been in depths of love unutterable. At breakfast, I was again overwhelmed.

mediate presence!—All around me is God!—

“Within his circling arms I lie,
Beet on every side!”

Some time after this, she writes,

“As I came from meeting, I was so over-
powered with the presence of *God*, that had
not a friend supported me, I could not have
walked home! I was lost in depths of love,
and admitted, as it were, into the *immediate*
presence of my Lord’s glory!—Yet I cannot
explain it,—for I saw no *manner of simili-*
de: and was humbled into the dust before
him! It is often impressed on my mind, the
Lord is preparing me for some close trial.—
My whole soul cries out,—*Thy will be done!*
Only let thy grace be sufficient for me.

“Unsustain’d by thee I fall,
Send the help for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need!”

es;—But

“I all thy power shall prove—
Thy nature and thy name is love.”

Blessed be God, I feel this day an increase
of holy nearness to him, and fellowship with
him. At the prayer-meeting, my body was
quite overcome for half an hour together: so
did my Lord unfold his fulness of love to my
wished soul. I seemed as in the presence
of his glory, confounded, and overwhelmed
with a sense of his purity and his justice, b

grace and love!—and was constrained to list his feet, in speechless adoration, and humblest praise, while my body was covered with a cold sweat, and all around thought I was dying.—Well mightest thou say, O most adorable JEHOVAH, “*No man can see my face and live!*”—For, when thou displayed only one faint ray—one glimpse of thy glorious presence,—this frail tabernacle is ready to crumble into dust before thee!—But, O! I shall one day be capable of beholding thee face to face! *These eyes shall see thy glory*—and gaze for ever in ecstatic bliss!—Now, this corruptible clay, cannot support itself under the weight of thy love;—but *then* I shall have put on *incorruption*, and be able to enjoy the full and eternal fruition of thy glory.

“Mr. P. preached from, ‘The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you.’ Before he had spoken ten minutes was filled with the *Triune God*, and so motionless under an exceeding great weight of love. My outward senses were locked but my spirit seemed surrounded with glory, inexpressible. I beheld Jesus, and was, were, overshadowed, and weighed down by the presence, and exceeding glory of the whole Deity!—I knew not where I was, *whether in the body*.—But all was unbroken bliss and glory!—After I came *myself*, I continued full of the Divine.”

and a weight of love, such as enfeebled my whole frame. For many days and nights, I could eat little; and had seldom more than one hour's sleep in twenty-four.

"Afterwards, I passed through scenes of close trial, (for which the Lord had thus been graciously preparing me) and, for a season, had not those *peculiar* manifestations: but his grace was sufficient, and he brought me through waves, and clouds, and storms unharmed:—To him be glory for ever and ever."

As the quotations in the preceding sermon, are chiefly taken from my companion's later Manuscripts; I have transcribed these, from what she wrote at an early period; which, when compared together, shew, that, as she *begun*, so she *finished* her happy course.

"Constant, unwarp'd, from first to last,
She kept the faith, and held it fast,
From sin and error free;
Contending for the faith alone,
The name inscrib'd on the white stone,
The LIFE of Piety."

And, although (as she observes) her *ecstatic* joy, was sometimes checked by various trials; yet, the same *ground* of rejoicing continued, *viz. Faith, and a pure conscience*. And, besides the testimony of her own papers; I am witness, that many times I have seen her as happy in God, as she could well be, and exist below; so that I have been even afraid, it would prove too much for the earthen vessel to bear.

Which she did with this ac-
generally made the substanc
But since her acquaintance
Rollin's Ancient History
vourite; as she said, she fo
in it; and because it clear
Prophecies, and confirmed
lation.

But, of late years, (tho
different authors, at conveni
the BIBLE was her chief stu
took *uncommon* delight. O
to read one chapter every n
of family worship; but for
the Lord took my dearest pa
to read three:—one out of t
in the morning; one out o
noon; and one at a night ov
some of the Epistles. And
when unable to attend

ur course of reading to the family one g, about three weeks before the time delivery; when we came to these in Gen. xxxv. 17—20, I perceived : tear stealing down her cheek.—The : referred to, reads thus:—"And it o pass when she was in hard labour, e midwife said unto her, Fear not: halt have this son also. And it came s as her soul was departing (for she that she called his name Ben-oni; s father called him Benjamin. And died, and was buried in the way to h, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob illar upon her grave: that is the pillar hel's grave unto this day." Some fter this, in my absence, she desired id, to read to her again, the same chap- hich considerably affected her. Yet, d not *then* learn, that she had the least timent of her death; any more than s common to women in similar circum- s. But, indeed, it was a subject, neither of us could bear to enter into irit of:—And, therefore, if at any time impressed upon our minds, we en- ired to put it away.

en alone, she often read the Bible ng: on which occasions we frequently er breaking forth in language of this, —"Reading the word of God in private ty was an unspeakable blessing.—O! precious are the promises.—What a

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depth in these words;—‘For all the promises of God in him, are Yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God.’—Yes, my soul, they are so to thee! The Father delights to fulfil,—and the Spirit to seal them to my heart.
—O that dear invaluable truth!—

“Ready art thou to receive;
Readier is thy God to give.”

“The Lord poured his love abundantly into my soul while worshipping before him: and I was enabled to renew my covenant, to be wholly and for ever his!—O how precious are his ways to my soul,—suited to my weakness,—worthy of a God! I am nothing!—He is all. I momentarily live upon his smiles, and dwell under the shadow of his wings.—I desire nothing, but to please him.—To grow in inward conformity to his will and sink deeper into humble love:—To let the light of what his grace hath bestowed shine on all around, and to live and die proclaiming—God is Love.”

I think myself bound in justice to her able character, here to remark; that notwithstanding the tenderness of her affection to me, and the great sensibility of her feelings at my leaving her, (which I have often when she was sick, and in pain) yet she never to my knowledge, once attempted to prevent me from going on my Lord’s errand. I am sure she knew the importance of the message well to do that.—As to her own w

the church of God, it will best appear when the light of eternity discovers it.—In acclesfield, Dublin, Cork, and London, her me will be precious to her numerous and id friends, (and especially to the children her faith and praycrs) while memory lasts: d, I believe, numbers of these, will bless od in an eternal world, that they ever saw r face.—Perhaps, *some* may be found even Birmingham, where she closed her useful, ppy life, to whom the name of Mrs. OGERS, will long be precious!

And, yet, notwithstanding her extraordinary zeal for God, and the salvation of souls; r good sense, joined with that Christian odesty, ever becoming *her* sex; taught r as to the *manner* how to proceed in saving souls from death. The sphere in which ie moved was,—To visit the sick;—to teach r own sex in private;—and to pray, whenever providentially called upon, whether in ublic or private. And to her, might be pplied that scripture,—“Whosoever hath, or, uses what he hath) to him shall be given, nd he shall have more abundantly:”—The ivine unction attending her prayer; added o the manner, in which she pleaded with od for instantaneous blessings, was very xtraordinary, and generally felt by all present. A conviction from God, that she ught to use this talent, constrained her, ven to hold meetings in her neighbours' uses, for the purpose of praying with o

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istressed in soul; and with as many more, she chose to attend.

During our stay in Dublin, she met weekly three women's classes, consisting of about thirty members each, in all ninety; to whom she was called to speak individually, beside the many occasional conversations she had with others about the state of their souls.—At Cork she met two large classes; mostly new members, to whom she had been useful; and was, indeed, the chief instrument of bringing them into the society: as was also the case with very many of those she met in Dublin.

In London, although called to the charge of Mr. Wesley's family, in addition to her own, she at once filled the place of *House-keeper* at the City Road; (in which station she acquitted herself with honour, for ten years) and at the same time, had the charge of two large classes.—Her third and last year in London, was not less profitable to her friends; many of whom followed her to Spitalfields, where several new members added to her classes; and, I believe, more than those who attended that means of grace followed her, both in that, and other places, for good for their souls. While speaking and praying with them, many, very many have been enabled to witness a clear sense of *forgiving love*; and others, at the same time, have obtained salvation from *inbred sin*. This, of which she had th

views. And to its validity, her own conduct bore a constant testimony.

“Through all her words the soul within,
The honest, artless soul was seen,
Ingenuous, pure, and free:
Candour and love were sweetly join’d,
With easy nobleness of mind,
And true simplicity.”

And although she clearly perceived the need of a gradual work; daily exhorting believers, “to grow in grace:”—yet she saw it her duty to bid those who felt the burden of indwelling sin, look for the total destruction of it, in *one moment*: ever pressing them to *believe* for the blessing; to *believe now*: insisting, “If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.” And the Lord set his seal to the truths she enforced. Many through her means were instantaneously delivered from the remains of the carnal mind, so as to “rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks.”

As great a matter as attaining this blessing may appear, it is yet a greater thing to *hold it fast*. And, as the following circumstance had a most blessed effect on the mind of my dear companion, when she was comparatively, a *babe* in this grace; greatly tending to establish her therein; I will, for the sake of others, transcribe the following account, just as she wrote it at the time. And but few events did I ever hear her mention with greater pleasure than it.

“Leeds, Aug. 24, 1781. That day of God, Mr. Fletcher, came with Miss Sanquet, (now Mrs. Fletcher) to dine at Smith’s, in Park Row; and also to meet the Select Society. After dinner, I took opportunity to beg he would explain an occasion he once used to Miss Loxdale. “That on all who are renewed in love bestows the gift of prophecy.” He for the Bible:—Then read, and explained, the second chapter of the observing, to prophesy in the sense *he* was, to magnify God, with the *new* love, and the *new* tongue of praise, as they who on the day of Pentecost were filled with the Holy Ghost. And he insisted that believers are now called, to make the same profession; seeing, we may all prove the baptismal fire:—shewing that the day of Pentecost, was only the *opening* of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost,—the great power of the Father. And that the *latter day* which he believed was near at hand, far exceed the first effusion of the Spirit. And, therefore, seeing *they* then bore witness to the grace of our Lord; so should we like them spread the flame of Love. After singing a Hymn, he cried—“*Are you filled with the Holy Ghost! I want you filled! O my friends, let us wrestle for more abundant out-pouring of the Spirit.*” To me, he said,—“Come, my sister, *you* covenant with me this day, to

the fulness of the Spirit? Will you be a witness for Jesus?"—I answered, with flowing tears,—“In the strength of Jesus I will.” He cried,—“Glory, glory, glory be to God! Lord, strengthen thy handmaid to keep this covenant even unto death.” He then said;—“My dear brethren and sisters, God is here! I feel him in this place! But, I would hide my face in the dust, because I have been ashamed to declare what he hath done for me! For many years I have grieved his Spirit;—but I am deeply humbled;—and He has again restored my soul! Last Wednesday evening he spoke to me by these words, ‘Reckon yourselves therefore to be dead indeed unto sin; but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.’ I obeyed the voice of God—I now obey it, and tell you all to the praise of his Love, ‘I am freed from sin.’—Yes,—I rejoice to declare it, and to bear witness to the glory of his grace—that ‘I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ,’ who is my LORD and KING! I received this blessing four or five times before; but I lost it by not observing the order of God: who has told us—‘With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.’ But the enemy offered his bait under various colours, to keep me from a public declaration of what my Lord had wrought.

“When I first received this grace, Satan

bid me wait awhile, 'till I saw more *Fruits*:—I resolved to do so, but I began to doubt of the *witness*, which I had felt in my heart; and was in time sensible, I had lost both. At that time,—after receiving this salvation (shame I confess it) I was kept from a *witness* for my Lord, by the suggestion, “Thou art a public character—the *all* are upon *thee*—and if, as before means thou lose the blessing, it will dishonour to the doctrine of *heart-&c.*” I held my peace, and again the gift of God. At another time prevailed upon to hide it, by reason, “How few, even of the *children of* receive this testimony; many of them supposing every transgression of the law is sin:—and therefore, if I profess myself to be *free* from sin, *all* these my profession they lie:—because I am in *their* sense:—I am not free from my mistakes, and various infirmities:—therefore, enjoy what God has wrought, but I will not say, *I am perfect*. Alas! I soon found again,—‘He that has his Lord’s talent, and improveth it, that unprofitable servant shall be taken even that he hath.’

“Now, my brethren, you see I *have* confessed it in your presence. I resolve before you all, to confess it! I will confess him to all

And I declare unto you, in the presence of God, the HOLY TRINITY—I am now, ‘dead indeed unto sin.’ I do not say, ‘I am crucified with Christ,’—because, some of our well-meaning brethren say,—by *this* can only be meant a *gradual dying*;—but I profess unto you, *I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God*: and remember,—all this is, ‘Through Jesus Christ our Lord.’ *He* is my PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING! My indwelling Holiness:—MY ALL IN ALL.—I wait for the fulfilment of that prayer,—‘That they all may be one: as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us:—and that they may be one, even as we are one.’ O for that pure, baptismal flame! O for the fulness of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost! Pray—pray—pray for this!—This shall make us all of one heart, and of one soul!—Pray for *gifts*;—for the gift of *utterance*:—and confess your royal Master. A man without gifts, is like the King in disguise:—He appears as a subject only. You are *Kings and Priests unto God*:—Put on, therefore, your robes, and wear on your garter, ‘*HOLINESS TO THE LORD.*’

A few days after this, I heard Mr. Fletcher preach from the same subject; which greatly encouraged and strengthened me. Inviting all who felt their need of full redemption, to believe now for this great salvation, he observed,—“As when you reckon with your creditor, or with your host; and, as

hour! O begin,—begin to reckon
fear not,—believe, believe, believe
continue to believe every moment
thou continue *free*: for it is retained
received, by *faith alone*. And, who
art, that perseveringly believeth;
as a fire in thy bosom, and constrain
confess with thy mouth thy *Lord*
Jesus! And in spreading the sacrifice
of love, thou shalt still be saved to
most.”

He also dwelt largely on those
‘Where sin abounded, grace did more
abound.’ He asked, “How did sin
Had it not overspread your whole
Were not all your passions, temp
pensities, and affections, inordinate
Did not pride, anger, self-will, and
all reign in you? And when the
God strove with you, did you not

impers and passions shall be henceforth regulated and governed by him, who now sitteth upon the throne of your heart, making all things new ! They shall therefore be *all* holy. And as you once resisted the Holy Spirit, so now you shall have power *as* easily, to resist the subtle frauds or fierce attacks of Satan : yea, his suggestions to evil shall be like a ball thrown against a wall of brass ! It shall rebound back again ; and you shall know that that meaneth,—‘The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.’

He then, with lifted hands, cried,—“Who will thus be saved ? Who will believe the report ? You are only in an improper sense called believers, who reject this.—Who is a believer ? one that believes a few things, which his God hath spoken ?—Nay, but one who believes *all* that ever proceeded out of his mouth !—Here then is the word of the Lord, ‘As sin abounded, grace shall much more abound !’ As no *good thing* was in you by nature, so now no evil thing shall remain. Do you believe this ? or, are you a *self* believer only ?—Come, Jesus is offered thee a *perfect Saviour* ;—take him, and he will make thee a *perfect saint*. O ye half-believers, will you *still* plead for the murderers of your Lord ? Which of these will you hide as a serpent in your bosom ? Shall it be anger, pride, self-will, or accursed unbelief ! O be no longer befooled !—bring these enemies to the Lord, and let him slay them.”

tion:

do not." At going away, he again by the hand, saying, with eyes lifted up,---"Bless her, Heavenly! It seemed as if an instant answer and a beam of glory let down! I with deep humility and love;--whole soul overflowed with the sweetness."

As my beloved companion *en-
purity of heart*, mentioned by our
Matt. v. 8, so did she *see God*, in
She greatly delighted in secret retire-
private intercourse with God. She
confidence in a particular Providence
ing over all that respected her
believed, that "the very hairs
are numbered; and that a sparrow
without our Father's knowledge shall not fall
to the ground."

The doctor having given his opinion, that in a few hours it would be fatal, I flew to my Almighty refuge, and felt I had power with God, through faith in that promise;---

The prayer of faith shall save the sick.' And, when in half an hour I looked again at the wound, all the bad symptoms were gone; and the same doctor standing astonished, aid,---no danger now appeared! I could not forbear weeping aloud for joy and gratitude, praising the God of my life."

"Nov. 29, 1785. A lady of genteel appearance, whom I had not seen before, requested to speak with me. I found she had come secretly to hear preaching for some months, and was under awakenings. Her husband is a man of fortune, but a professed infidel; believes in neither God, devil, heaven, nor hell! Mocks at the Scriptures, especially the New Testament; and will neither attend any place of worship himself, or suffer her to do so. And what added to her affliction, his bad state of health determined him to go and live in *France*. She cried, "What will become of me there? No means of grace;---no friend to flee to;---in a country of idolaters abroad, and infidels at home; my sinful heart, and the temptations of Satan to struggle with: I shall lose all my good desires, and my poor soul will be ruined!"

I asked, is there no way to prevent this? She answered, No. I said, but the Lord

can prevent it: and if it be not for
he *will*. "Ah! said she, I fear *no*
prevent it: the carriage is prepar
the time is fixed." I replied; on
whole into the Lord's hand, and
safe. Trust in God, and make it a
prayer; and if the journey be not
good, though it came to the *last hour*
prevent it. Nay, if thou set out, H
a thousand means, turn you back!
will. Did he not suffer the three
children to be cast *into the Furnac*
the fire had no power to consume!
was cast *into the Den*: but the God
called to trust, shut the Lions' jaw
John was put *into the chaldron of*
oil; yet he received no harm! Th
who is the same yesterday, to-day,
ever, will prevent this journey, if y
in him: or, he will make it a blessing
soul. I then went to prayer, and at
bid her pray much for her husband.
Believe all things are possible with G

Some time after, she called on
told me she had taken my advice and
for her husband, who a few nights
a remarkable dream, which much affe
astonished him. He thought he wa
orders to his coach-maker about
carriage; and more especially about
the wheels; when the man turned ab
said, in a very solemn manner, "S
need not trouble yourself about t
for the LORD JESUS CHRIST has

God in prayer, and she returned home not little comforted.

A few days afterwards a note was sent to request public thanks to Almighty God for his power and love, manifested in behalf of a person, whose name is unknown. The messenger, calling on me at the same time, said—"Thank God, this journey is prevented at last!" I asked, But how was this brought to pass? She said, "Only two days ago, all was fixed for the journey: and on *this day* they were to set off. But the Lord afflicted the physician who advised them to do so. And Mr. — finding himself very poorly, called in another doctor, who assured him he could not undergo the journey; and that France was not a proper place for his institution. And therefore, all thoughts of going are at an end."

O! how my soul was filled with wonder, love, and praise! Who that considers the love will not see omnipotence, love, and faithfulness exerted in answer to prayer? Who would not wish for such a friend? Who could not love, serve, and confide in such God? Who would not own, "He heareth prayer, and to him should all flesh come!"—and how wonderful is such a dream of the Lord Jesus Christ, by a man of such principles! Surely it was *all* of God; and to him *alone* is due all the glory.

“ March 5, 1790. In private, I had peculiar liberty in praying for my dear husband that he might experience *all the depth of Jesu's love* more abundantly than ever, be the happy means of leading *me* also farther degrees of inward salvation : that union might ever tend to a yet closer union with our God, and all our outward means lead to this. While I prayed, I felt assured my Lord was well-pleased, and would give an answer to my largest desires.---] morning Mr. Rogers awoke very happy, having had a precious view of the deep truth of God : he dreamed that he felt the witness of sanctification, and his soul seemed full of gratitude and love. In taking a walk out together, and laying open our hearts to each other, (as we frequently do) I found my soul unspeakably happy ; and we resolved to be more spiritual, more devoted to God, and more zealous in saving souls than ever. This was made a great blessing to me ; and doubly so, as I believe an answer to my prayer.”

The last instance I shall cite, took place only a little before her death. “ June 1794. I had a peculiar season in wrestling prayer with my God this night, on account of my dear little Mary. The great weakness of her limbs for three months past, and *seeming total inability to walk*, has caused much pain to my dear husband, as well as *myself*. It appeared to me, I had used

possible means in vain. But, this night I had power to cry unto my God, and tell him, "Thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever:" Thou art *my God!* Thou hast said, "Call unto me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee:" Thou hast healed cripples, made the lame to walk, yea, raised even *the dead*, in answer to praying faith! Lord, hear me now;---stoop to *my* request:---Let the child's feet and ancle-bones receive strength;---give her power to walk, and let me soon know thou hast heard my prayer!" I had power to believe it should be done; and my soul was filled with the Divine Presence. Thursday the 12th. I already see an answer to my prayer, in the child. She is greatly strengthened in her limbs: how good, how faithful, how condescending is the Lord! We may---I may, like Abraham, like Moses, like Elijah, ask and obtain!"

Such were the habits of intimacy, which my dear partner enjoyed with her beloved Saviour, that even when her outward senses were locked up by sleep, he would frequently speak to her heart; and in *dreams and visions of the night*, appeared to strengthen her in times of trial; warn her of danger; or prepare her for trouble before it came. One instance out of many; I will here mention. It happened about four years after our marriage, and was attended with much comfort to her mind *ever after*, when she recurred to it.

"Having been exercised with an uncom-

mon sense of various short comings, and infirmities, for some days past, I awoke morning overwhelmed and swallowed love, joy, and praise; occasioned by the following dream. I thought I was in an el house, and was desired by one to go into room, (pointing the way) and I shou the late Mrs. Rogers. I wondered obeyed. I thought I entered the which was hung all round with clean linen: and, upon a bed, I saw the bea corps of my dear departed sister and fr I looked, and loved the precious ren when to my great astonishment, her opened! She smiled on me, and raise self up. I exclaimed, in a rapture of surprise,---Is it possible! Has the Lord mitted you to revive, so as to speak to She replied with unutterable sweetness; things, my dear, are possible with God has permitted it for *your comfort*." O I, what would I have often given, to co one hour with you, since you were t She said, "There is no need, my dear, has been with you." I answered, Y has: but, O! tell me have I acted my aright in *your place*? Does God in th prove of me? She smiled again, and "He does: and in *all* things, he is pleased. And he will strengthen and *you* to the end. He loves you; and h save you in every time of trouble, esp in *your approaching trial*. You have

to fear; for you will be happy in life, in death, and for ever!---You are dear to God; and it is to comfort you, he permits me to appear, and tell you this!"

"This was but a few weeks before my Hester was born. And what I felt was unutterable indeed! Love unspeakable, and ravishing delight, filled my whole soul. I was quite overpowered! I thought in my dream, she said much more: but this is all I can *distinctly* recollect. And it so overcame me with transport, that I awoke. But my body was bathed in sweat, and my soul, as in the dream, filled with God, with heaven, and with unspeakable bliss! so that I could not refrain awaking my dear husband to tell him: and I could sleep no more, but continued praising God until the morning. The more I consider his condescending goodness herein, the more I am lost in love,---self-abasement,---and speechless gratitude!"

This dream was made a blessing to us both, and it is attended with no small consolation to me, especially under my present circumstances, to conceive that the inhabitants of heaven know *well* the transactions of earth! And (to wave the almost innumerable and well-authenticated instances of recent date) that they *do* so, is beyond a doubt; or, how could they be said to "Rejoice over every sinner that repenteth?" And when Moses and Elijah conversed with our Lord, it was on the bitter cup he was to drink in Jerusa-

lem : of consequence, *they* remember *place*, as well as those *prophecies* to be fulfilled upon that occasion. pious poor retain so lively a sense of the other world, of the favours conferred in this, as to wait for the arrival of benefactors, in order to "receive everlasting habitations," (Luke) what kind of offices may *we* not expect those, who, for many years, were *companions in the kingdom and* Jesus? "Are they not ALL (angels) ministering spirits, sent forth for them who shall be heirs of life?" And what angel (except the Angel of the Covenant, who took upon him our nature) was touched with a feeling of our infirmities, is so well qualified for this office as a ship, as they? And it is even the part of their heaven consists in attending those, who are yet in this world of woe! especially see us attentive to the will of Father and they.

Hard as it was to part, my dear friend would have found it harder still to give the same persuasion, which consisted with her; as appears from her saying, "I feel myself very poor and several symptoms threaten death. But my soul is kept in peace. I know, "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." It seems as if the

late preparing me for himself. And yet, when I think of leaving the dearest of earthly comforts, it is like rending of self from self:--- nature from nature:---and of the flesh from the bone. Nevertheless, when I reflect, the separation is *only* for a moment, compared with eternity! and, "that death itself cannot sunite our spirits:" it helps me to say, Lord, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

It seems easy to learn from this, and other notices in the preceding pages---that, be our attainments in piety what they will, they have not the least tendency to dissolve the endearing ties of *natural affection*---On the contrary, that religion, by refining, tends to increase both the *fervour* and *constancy* of our love. But what are all other ties, of which the human heart is capable, compared with that holy and spiritual union, ever subsisting, between those, whom God in *every* sense hath made ONE?

I am conscious the tenderest of maternal ties possessed the heart of my dearest companion: these, when it came to a point, were dissolved with comparative ease; as were also all her other friendly attachments,---with this *only* exception, of MYSELF.

"Not ev'n in death her friendship dies!
With grateful pity and surprise
I ask how can it be?
Loosen'd from all she leaves behind,
Yet still---unutterably kind---
Yet still---she cleaves to ME.

On me she rests her dying head,
 And catching, grasps a broken reed,
 But will not let me part;
 'Till Jesus visit her again,
 By nobler love dissolve the chain,
 And free her struggling heart."

God alone can tell what I felt in that moment, when her Lord gave the dismissal and I was called to return the last part kiss! For some time I could only breathe as it were, in silent accents, "O! my God let my latter end be like hers! *Come—come quickly*, and prepare me to follow her—It is still the language of my bleeding heart,"—

"O let me on her image dwell,
 The soul transporting spectacle,
 On whom ev'n angels gaze!
 A pious saint matur'd for God,
 And shaking off her earthly clod,
 To see his open face.

I see the generous friend sincere!
 Her voice still vibrates in my ear,
 The voice of truth and love!
 It calls me to put off my clay,
 And bids me soar with her away
 To fairer worlds above!"

Well!—Thank God, a moment *can always last!*

"And He who set my partner free,
 Shall quickly send for you and me!"

Only let us take care that our loins be girt, and our lights burning, as bright as when our Lord cometh, and all shall be
 —All who knew my valuable companion

allow that these pages contain but a small part of what *might* be said upon so amiable a character. But there is a day coming, when her *real* value shall be made manifest!

The honour of being united to such a woman, fills my soul with unfeigned gratitude before God? And although at present I am left to feel my loss, I am supported from above in a manner that exceeds all description! The heart-felt presence of God, which from the time he took my *all of earthly treasure*, I have not wanted for one moment, *more* than compensates for the absence of all created good! If I can suppose *her* absent, who, under God, was the center of *all* earthly treasure to me!—And now unto *him* who had a prior right, I freely resign *THIS ALL*, because *his* right is infinitely superior to mine. In the act of offering a sacrifice so pleasing to my God, I feel that our union in him is of *eternal duration*! And that, as sure as my beloved partner now *sleeps in Jesus*, even so surely *will God bring her with him*, and present her to me again:—"For the Lord Jesus himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and then we shall be caught up *TOGETHER* in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord!" Thus comforted, and *knowing the time is short*, I shall *here* take leave of my beloved wife, leaving her to rest in his arms: where,

“Supremely bless’d, with perfect peace,
 She loves me now without excess,
 Or passionate alloy;
 Serene, she waits my spirit’s flight,
 To range with her’s the plains of light,
 And clime the mount of joy.

Repos’d in those Elysian seats,
 Where JONATHAN his DAVID meets,
 Our soul shall soon embrace;
 The utmost power of friendship prove,
 Commenc’d on earth, matur’d above,
 In ecstasies of praise.

How shall we sing and triumph there,
 Our dangers and escapes compare,
 Our days of flesh and woe!
 How comprehend the plan divine,
 And sweetly in his praises join,
 Through whom we met below.

Through whom in Paradise we meet,
 Great Author of our joy complete,
 Thee, Jesus, we proclaim;
 While all the saints stand list’ning round,
 And all the realms of bliss resound
 Salvation to the Lamb.

The Lamb hath brought us through the fire;
 The Lamb shall raise our raptures higher,
 When all from earth are driven;
 Our glorious Head shall cleave the skies,
 And bid his church triumphant rise
 From PARADISE to HEAVEN.”

JAMES ROGER

Birmingham, March 29, 1795.

A
SUPPLEMENT TO THE APPENDIX;
CONSISTING OF
Miscellaneous Extracts,
FROM THE
JOURNALS OF MRS. HESTER ANN ROGERS.

DUBLIN, Nov. 7, 1786. This day my soul hath felt much of the power of God, and a sweet solemnity which I can but faintly describe. In calling to visit a friend who is dangerously ill of a plury, I was led to bring very near, the time when I shall bid adieu to all beneath the sun! I saw it an awful thing to die: yet rejoice to feel the sting of death entirely gone; and a witness that if I was called, like her, to gasp for another and another breath, or to offer up my spirit; it would surely be into the arms of Jesus. But how was the importance of improving my present mercies impressed on my mind! The necessity of *now* employing every talent for God! In a state like hers, I should be very unfit to call upon God even for my own soul: much less would it be in my power to persuade, warn, reprove, or exhort others. My God has at present entrusted me with precious time and opportunities. O let me improve and not betray my trust:—

“But only for thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.”

world, or life, or death," &c. At last instance observed, "We are *im* our work be done: till then men a combined, cannot kill!" He likewise mentioned that memorable saying of William, who, at the battle of the Boy in the most imminent danger, exclaimed encouraged his men) "Every *bulle billet!*" Shewing our life is in the *God alone*:—when, on a sudden the gation was all alarmed by a man with loaded pistol being seized at the door in the gallery, and therefore ignorance caused the uproar; and my employment to quiet the women, who were all running down stairs, many of them reaching into fits. I had no fear whatever; my men had been a blessing to my society, was kept in perfect peace. When I went into the yard, and heard the noise

imagined, also hear them muttering, one of them bidding him pistol "aim at the cushion." In went the door keeper, and two others desired them to quit the yard, when I rushed towards the door with violence attempted to knock down Brodsgate with the butt end of his large pistol, but he avoided the blow, and only received a slight hurt on the side of his head. The ruffian was then seized by a party of our friends, and taken to the Newgate. When examined, he denied the use of the pistol, and cursed Mr. Rogers, the Methodists bitterly. He was committed to Newgate, and there confined. The next morning a constable came and told me that Robert Smith (Justice of the Peace) had examined the pistol, and found it loaded with leaden balls (or slugs) which he said they were very ragged and sharp; and a full charge of the best gunpowder. These things put together, I was now more affected than before; as it appeared plain that a deep-laid plot had been laid; and every reason to believe that it was to have shot my dear husband while he was preaching! The wonderful goodness of God filled me with awful gratitude, and praise.—While Mr. R. and his friends went to Newgate, to interrogate the ruffian, I spent a precious hour of time with my God. And in sweetly

committing to him the whole affair, some liberty to intercede for the poor, but more in praying for my dear p when the Lord graciously applied words,—“Not an hair of his head perish; wherefore in patience possess your souls!” I blessed him for the p and the precept, and was filled with consolation.

The night after this happened, M cock preached with great liberty from, not them which kill the body, and that have no more that they can do. word was a blessing to me and many cially his quoting that text, “Touch n anointed, and do my prophets no Two persons returned thanks this e one for pardon; the other for being r in love; both of them under the serm night. Well may Satan rage at a wo this, now going forward in this cit several Roman Catholics have been awakened, and joined to the society very rich man of great note among the has become a constant hearer at our it is conjectured where this horrid plo likely originated. And the more doth this appear from the numbers of who visited the villain while in prison by whose means, his escape was effected he was brought to trial.

Cork; August 20, 1789. I fove
text much blessed to me this morn

1x. 8, "Who are those that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" How heavy is the dense cloud---yet hangs in air without any visible hand to uphold it! Such am I:---loaden with ten thousand infirmities, various temptations from Satan, and calumnies from malicious men, under which I must sink! Yea, and that even after my soul has been attracted from the earth, by the Sun of Righteousness; was it not that I am held up like a cloud in the air, by the mighty power of God. I also feel as one of those silly helpless doves,---and as such, I fly to hide in my Saviour's breast! There, my Lord, I would for ever dwell.

"How blest are they who still abide,
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!"

We had a good season at family prayer; after which we went upon the water with some friends, and sailing down to Cove, we went on board of Mr. Sholdham's new and beautiful Yatch. This vessel is built, it seems, for pleasure: and he intends to sail in it round the world. Every thing in it is elegant, even to extravagance; much plate, superb furniture in the cabin, and a French cook on board—But can this make the owner happy? Alas, No! It cannot be, unless his soul were first adorned with Christ, and made meet for God.

In the evening Mr. Rogers preached in Cove, to a large company of attentive hear-

ers, from, "Ye must be born again." The room was also well filled the next evening and the day after we returned home in an open boat. We had an high wind, and had showers of rain the whole passage, and the tide meeting the wind; when he came to Lough Maon (a very dangerous place) it was rough indeed. But the Lord sweetly prepared me for it. That verse was so powerfully impressed on my mind, that I could forbear repeating it:—

" O'er the raging billows sailing,
 With my all-protecting Guide:
 By thy mercy never failing,
 I shall all the storms out-ride!
 Join'd to thee by closest union,
 And to my companions dear;
 By this happy, sweet communion,
 Thou wilt banish every fear."

Just then came a squall of wind, and swell so very high, that all the passengers shrieked aloud, and some *now* cried to for mercy! Even the boat-men turned, and our friends clasped round us in an affecting manner. Yet, though I was sensible of our danger, my soul was kept from fear. I recollected *Peter* on the waves, said, "Lord, what are these, when in the hollow of thy hand? I commit my soul to thee! Preserve me from fear, and help to praise thee."—My soul was indeed comforted with his goodness. The boat-men, ~~saw~~ *sensing* the danger, turned out of the channel.

shallow water, and then the swell was not so great. But we were still in jeopardy, expecting every moment to be stranded in the mud; and if so, all must have perished, as we were near a mile from shore: but the Lord preserved us from all evil; and we landed safe in Cork before night came on. O may I never forget his love to me this day! How fatal might have been the consequences in my present situation, had fear been permitted to take place? Instead of which I was kept composed and happy: and returned in better health than when I went. "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

Extract from a letter, received Jan. 14, 1789—"The Rev. Mr. E—— calling to visit one of his hearers, saw a young lady in the parlour, who had come for the use of the water, on account of her health. Observing her unusually pensive, Mr. E. took the liberty to enquire the reason. She answered, "Sir, I will think no more of it—it was only a dream; and I will not be so childish as to be alarmed at a dream! But Sir, (said she) I will tell you my dream, and then I will think of it no more." She then repeated as follows: "I dreamed I was at the ball, where I intended to go to-night. Soon after I was in the room I was taken very ill, and they gave me a smelling-bottle, and then I was brought home into this room; and I was put into that elbow chair, (pointing to it) and fainted and

unhappy there, and desired to go from t
My conductor said, if I did, I should
come there again! He then violently v
me about, and I fell *down, down, do*
through *blackness*, and *flames* and su
the dread of which awoke me!"

"The minister endeavoured, by ever
sible argument, to dissuade the youn
from going to the ball that night:—
vain! She answered, "*I will go.*
not be so foolish as to mind a dream!"
did go. And soon after she came in
ball-room, she was taken ill; and [
dreamed] a smelling-bottle was give
She was carried home, into the room, a
into that very elbow chair, represented
dream—she FAINTED,—and DIED!"

Awful warning! and awful event!
it may deeply penetrate the hearts
who are "lovers of pleasure men

sive pleasures on earth, for the spiritual enjoyment of God in glory! which is the inheritance and the bliss of the saints in light.—Reader, ask thy own heart! Couldst thou be more happy than *she*, in the eternal employ of those who surround the throne, and *sing the song of Moses and the Lamb*? Be assured thou couldst not, except on earth thou hast learned *their* song,—“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”—**THOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.**

What a striking contrast between the young person alluded to above, and an intimate friend of mine in the city of Cork, who died near about the same time. Her name was Mary Mahony. When very young, her carnal relations forced her to marry a man for whom she had no affection. He proved a very wicked and bad husband: but the God of wisdom and love, even out of this evil, brought forth good. The trials she daily endured, led her to seek rest and happiness in the Source of Bliss! Beginning frequently, though privately, to hear the Methodists, her mind was drawn out in strong desires after God. But her husband has often followed her, and dragged her out of the preaching-house by the hair of her head. After some time, he left her entirely, and she saw him no more. She joined our

society about eight years ago found peace with God, which she and about three years after, of clear witness, that her soul was *all sin*. In this salvation she provably to the day of her though at some seasons she was various temptations; yet she all out of them more fully purified called outwardly to follow her in the way of the cross. But took it up; and bore it with her lamb-like Saviour: like him was, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Her love to Jesus, and her glory of God, and for promoting precious souls, was very peculiar. Mr. Rogers to request the charge of a class of young women whom she watched faithfully: with tears, fastings, and much her last sickness (thought to be fever) her agony of pain in extreme: but she told me and of these hands and feet are tortured yea, such anguish as is almost intolerable. I look to my precious Saviour: faith his dear hands and feet bleeding, and nailed to the accursed tree for *my sins*! and the view of that precious and precious head torn with thorns and precious blood streaming for *my sins* all my pain; and make

hear all he pleases to inflict." After she had thus suffered for nine days; and constantly witnessed to all, the goodness of God to her soul; she became delirious. But a few hours before her departure, the Lord restored her reason. She was, however, speechless, till at last, after struggling some time in agony to say something, she cried aloud, *Jesus is precious! Jesus is precious!* And sweetly fell asleep on the 10th of Feb. 1789, and in the 25th year of her age.

Oct. 14, 1790. I heard Mr. Wesley preach in Spitalfields Chapel with great liberty, from Ephes. vi. 11, "Put on the whole armour of God." I never heard the Christian armour so described before. In the course of his sermon he introduced an account of a General, a very wicked man, but a great warrior, who in the blaze of battle lifted up his hand towards heaven, and swore by his Maker, he would never quit the field while there was an Englishman alive in it! He was harnessed with steel; but while pronouncing the oath, with his arm extended, a musket ball entered the joints of the harness, shot him in the arm-pit, and down he fell!—Mr. Wesley shewed, in the beautiful contrast, that the Christian being armed with the *panoply of God*, i. e. *his whole armour*, no part is left exposed, but the whole soul is covered and defended against every fiery dart of *our common enemy, the devil!*"

I awoke very happy this morn-
these sweet words,—

“God, the Almighty God is thine
See him to thy help come down
The excellence divine.”

And O! how was I blessed, while
that precious scripture, “Now we see
a glass darkly.” It was indeed
season to my soul; especially
minutes, when I felt what I cannot
such a manifestation of God as a
ing himself to *my spirit*---such a
ment of God as LOVE, as HOLINESS,
that fulness which thought cannot
And all this to *me*---*My all in*
inexplicably to my spirit---more
all my powers with his effulgence
I was wrapped in God! O my
shall I prove *for ever* this fruit
fulness? I know I shall. Thou
my soul a taste, and thou wilt give
reality when time is no more
THRICE HOLY God of love, my
Wonder and love overpower me
abased before thee, while I feel
blessing mine.

Nov. 4, 1792. My closet was
Bethel, while my soul was engaged
and holy meditation on those d
Col. iii. 3, 4, “Our life is hid
in God,” &c. I was led to
follows:---But how is my life

al life being the breath of God, he con-
 es or withholds it at his pleasure. But
 can tell how *he* animates the clay body?
 ow we continue in that state of animation?
 en he takes away our breath, we die, and
 turned again to our dust. How is it that
 now feel, hear, smell, taste, and see?
 v is it we think, judge, fear, love, desire,
 enjoy? To say we are made capable of
 ll these, is to say nothing. From what
 es that capability? The soul actuates the
 y; but *how*? and who informs and actu-
 the soul? All is hid with *Christ in God*.
 is the source, but we cannot search out
 ways.

Our *spiritual* life is hid also. By nature
 are dead. From *him* we receive the first
 l of spiritual life. "Not of blood, (from
 natural parents,) not by the will (or
 ver) of man; but of God." And how
 from the wisdom of a natural man, are all
 workings of divine grace? We are told
 cannot know them. Nor can a soul pos-
 sed of this spiritual life, impart what he
 s to another;—it is that "new name
 ich none knoweth but he that receiveth it."
 at a mystery,—CHRIST IN us! And what
 ystery also is that *faith* which justifies and
 es, to carnal minds?

How frequently is this life so hid, that our
 ions, words, and motives, are mistaken by
 1? And often is the saint condemned
 ough this, when approved of God! But

soon will this *hidden life* be revealed : day, when all shall see and admire the perfect integrity of him who was despised, rejected by the wicked ; mistaken of his friends, (and perhaps grieved sore at such mistakes,) when his innocence shall forth as the light, and his just dealing, noon-day : while many shall be amazed at his salvation, so far beyond all they for on earth ! Perhaps a *well painted hypocrite* might be thought more holy than the *living without guile* ! But then the mask will fall more ! God will own his jewels, and they shall shine in his presence for ever.

sorrow or tears could possibly be in : surely those who have been (through the cause of grief to these on earth, will then, and love them more perhaps : account !

Again : much is hid even from the saint possessing this life. The humility of the saint, arising from a sense of many infirmities which he feels, hides his grace from his own sight, so that at certain times, he is discouraged ; while Satan, the *accuser*, does not to magnify unto him various showings. His extreme weakness, his failings, judgment, memory or zeal. His ignorance of many things : or, some constitutive infirmity, though not yielded to, may be beset, and be a burden to his mind. and such like, may for a time, dampen the joy of one whose "life is hid with Christ

when such feel their utter helplessness,
un of Righteousness shall break forth :
by a word—a single look of love, dis-
e all the gloom, and display his graces
himself, and fill with unknown peace !
when these come to pass *through the*
y, there they shall find Jesus their life
ed, with whom they shall then appear in
r ! Yes, yes, he will then be revealed to
ravished eyes, when they shall fearless

“ Pass the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God.”

he will stand in Jordan, to see them safe
ugh, and landed all in Canaan ; where
will display before them his bleeding
ids, their *only* title to eternal bliss !
, O ! what then shall be revealed to the
mbodied saint ! Divine amazement, and
r all !—But, O to prove the blissful re-
mine ! This, this is all ! and while my
exults in the sweet assurance, I deeply
he importance of that question, “ Simon,
of Jonas, lovest thou me ? ” and can tell
Lord, as Peter did, “ Thou knowest all
gs, thou knowest that I love thee. ” Yea,
all my heart. I have communion with
God, as a man with his friend. I feel an
ate union with Jesus ; and through him
the Father ; and such overflowing em-
ons from the Holy Ghost, as I have
r felt before. I think a little mor

would burst the earthen prison, and set my longing spirit free.

I have found it very profitable to read *Horæ Solitariæ* on the names and titles of Christ: especially that of *JEHOVAH ADONAI*. His remarks are sweet and spiritual; only his Calvinism I pass over. Yet, I can allow and join in all that gives glory to Christ, and tends to humble the sinner: ascribing also, with him, my whole salvation to grace unmerited and free. I believe, he who hath loved *me*, died for *all*; that they who are dead might henceforth live; "not unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again."

Feb. 19, 1794. Having heard much of late respecting public matters, and about an expected invasion, with all its consequences; I have been led much to secret prayer, and feel I can say to my God, "Naked came I into the world, and thou hast cared for me; nurtured me in my infancy, preserved me in youth, provided for the wants, yea, even for the *comforts* of my riper years; and now I am still thine, and I commit myself, my dear husband and children,—my *all* unto thee." I received for answer, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come near thy dwelling." The day after, I had some subtle temptations from the enemy; but the Lord assured my heart, he would not suffer me to be tempted above what I am able to bear. Whenever I approach the Lord in secret, Satan vanishes, and Jesus tell

me, "All that I have is thine." Yea, he truly leads me into green pastures, and by the still waters of comfort!

"O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!"

My mind has been led, of late, to meditate on the latter day glory: and the Lord's presence rested upon me in a peculiar manner, while attending to those beautiful ideas of Mr. Fletcher on the Millennium. Especially where he observes, "That as now the world is overspread with *iniquity*; so shall it then be with *holiness*: in so much that a wicked man shall *then* be as great a wonder upon earth, as a Father in Christ is *now*! That the curse shall be taken away from universal creation, vegetable, animal and elementary! The bodies of men no longer subject to pain and weakness. No sorrow in child-bearing; no temptation. The lion will then be as inoffensive as the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid: 'For they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, (saith our God,) for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'"

THE DYING BED OF A SAINT AND SINNER
CONTRASTED.

Dust we are, and unto dust we shall return. A few more rolling years; a few more months or weeks; nay, perhaps a few more setting suns or fleeting moments, and

we are gone. Gone! Whither? Oh! the
AWFUL, DREADFUL, BLISSFUL thought! *Awful*
 to all, *dreadful* to the unholy—to sinner
 and *blissful* to the saints of God. See a man
 approaching to the verge of eternity;—he
 are all his views changed! how trifling
 such a one appears all below the sun! How
 important the things of God, and the sal-
 vation of his never-dying soul! Let us con-
 sider one ignorant of God through life; im-
 mersed in pleasure, lost in pride, careless
 secure, surrounded and beloved by his carnal
 friends, and possessed of a moderate share
 of wealth—such an one in the bloom of life.
 Some fatal distemper seizes his brittle frame
 he is racked with torturing pain, surrounded
 by weeping friends, whose help is all in vain
 the physician gives no hope of his recovery
 and he perceives he is ere long to launch in
 a boundless eternity! What are his views
 in such a state? Such a scene have my eyes
 beheld, and therefore with great certainty
 may describe it. “Wretched man that I am
 (methinks I still hear him cry,) where are
 my pleasures now? What hath my pride
 profited me? or, what good have riches
 with all my vaunting, done me? These are
 passed away as a cloud; and now, O horror
 to think!—

‘ Now leaving all I love below,
 To God’s tribunal I must go,
 Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate
 And fix my everlasting state!’

But can I hope to dwell with God?

No, it cannot be. He is holy, I am vile: he is just, and will punish the guilty. He called, and I refused: he stretched forth his hand, and I would not regard: and now he laugheth at my calamity, and shutteth his ear to my cry. Then I *would* not, now I *cannot* pray! He often knocked at the door of my heart; saying, by an inward whisper, Thou art wrong: Repent and turn to God: 'Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?' But I would none of his counsel, and turned away mine ear from his reproofs. I refused the yoke of Jesus; despised his ministers, and neglected that salvation which was long offered to me by their means. But now I feel the dire effects!—'Me, *miserable! Which way shall I flee infinite wrath, and infinite despair?*' O eternity! eternity! eternity!—Fall, fall ye rocks, and hide my guilty head: hide me from him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb! But, O! even this cannot be! I must indure his indignation! I must suffer the vengeance of eternal fire! My damnation is sealed! Who can dwell with devouring fire! Who can endure everlasting burnings? Take warning, O my careless friends! A gaping hell awaits me! My soul is going! Fiends are waiting to receive it; they encircle me round:—O horror and eternity!"

The person described above, was afterwards reprieved for a short season from the jaws of

death; but he did not manifest any genuine repentance: and in about six months after, died in racking despair.

Let us next see the child of God: the heir of glory, (pleasing contrast!) how different his prospect! He longs to reach his Father's house, and kisses the kind rod of his afflicting hand. The welcome news, that he shall soon be there, elevates his soul with rapturous joy: he has a foretaste of those pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore, and the language of his heart is,

“Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see,
My Saviour and my God.”

—Yes, blessed Saviour, and this thou knowest is also the language of my heart, while I now bid adieu to earth, and all terrestrial scenes!

FAREWEL my dearly beloved, my Christian friends, with whom I have have taken sweet counsel in the way to glory. I now leave you for sweeter converse above. On earth we have been *one* in him we love: in heaven we shall meet to part no more. His love was the centre of our union here! and this shall still unite us in those blessed realms above. How often have we sweetly joined to praise him in the body! And one small glimpse of *Jesu's love* hath made our cup run o'er!

“And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet;
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!”

REWEL my dearly beloved children, I love you; but your *Parent* God hath provided for you. Choose him for your Father, and then if we *both* leave you exposed to the waves of a dangerous world, the faithfulness of an unchanging JEHOVAH is engaged to protect you safe into that *haven* where we meet you all again, being bound up together in the bundle of life, with the Lord God.

REWEL, in particular, my ever dear friend! How was *our* friendship ripened to the maturity of heaven! How truly and closely are our hearts still knit together! Nor shall the sweet union be dissolved by death; but being ONE IN CHRIST, we shall all be ONE for ever. Mourn not that I leave you first. He saw it best for my weak—my feeble frame might not have supported your absence!—A very little while, you will follow me; and, O with what joy shall I welcome your arrival on the eternal shore, and conduct you to him whom our love! Till then ADIEU—my dearest companion in heaven's road, whom God in his greatest mercy gave to me. I leave thee with the most grateful sensations, for all the tokens of affection, which I have ever received from thee. For all thy care, thy love, thy prayers, I bless my God, and thank thee. Now go to JESUS, who is yet infinitely dear to me! With him I leave thee, nor will I leave his care, who hath loved and given himself for thee. It is but a short separation

—our spirits shall soon reunite, and then *never, never* know separation more!

Farewel to all my dear relations! Weep not for me, but love my God. O make your peace with him, and you shall follow me to glory! He is worthy of your hearts, and only He! O give them wholly to him. I have not served my God for nought! I have lived a heaven below in Jesus's love; and now eternally shall praise the glories of his grace! And you who *know* my God, O love him more, and never, never leave him; so will he be to you, what he is now to me. Continue "steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord:" for, I can testify to his glory, "your labour shall not be in vain." Be faithful unto death, and he will give you a crown of life; which I now am hastening to receive! "The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof," are all waiting to carry me home!

"See the guardian angels nigh,
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates display'd!
See the crown to grace my head!

"See a flood of sacred light,
Which shall yield no more to night;
Transitory world farewell,
Jesus calls with him to dwell!"

He cries—"Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." AMEN, saith my willing, joyful soul. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" My soul is on the wing! Burst asunder, ye bonds of clay, which hold me from my

love! How welcome the stroke that shall break down these separating walls, knock off my fetters, throw open my prison doors, and set me at liberty! This corruptible body, this tottering house of clay, which now cannot sustain his weight of love, shall soon be made a glorious body incorruptible!

“ Shall the stars and sun outshine,
Shout among the sons of glory;
All immortal, all divine!”

And able then to enjoy the full fruition of my God. Yes, I shall soon see him as he is; not through a glass darkly, but *face to face*.

“ The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze,
Of everlasting light.”

“ Waiting to receive my spirit,
Lo! my Saviour stands above;
Shews the purchase of his merit;
Reaches out the crown of love!”

Angels surround my bed, to carry me away. I come, I come, blessed messengers of my God! Haste and convey me to his loved embrace! My faith already beholds the crucified Redeemer!—methinks I see him smile, while round him stand the heavenly host exulting! O glorious train of blood-bought souls! What an innumerable company! And I shall join the choir!

“ Shall shout by turns the bursting joy;
And all eternity employ,
In songs around the throne.”

How delightful the theme! It hath set my soul on fire; yet I cannot express a thousandth part of my ideas, of the prospect that lies before me. But I shall prove the unutterable bliss. The inheritance is *mine*! A foretaste now I feel! Nay, so am I filled with glory and with God, that more I could not bear and live!—O may I ever feel the sacred flame, and through eternity proclaim, the depths of JESU'S LOVE; Amen and Amen.

Hester Ann Rogers.

Epitaph

Inscribed to her Memory, in St. Mary's Chapel-Yard,

BIRMINGHAM.

Hester Ann,

WIFE OF JAMES ROGERS,

Preacher of the Gospel,

Sleepeth here in Jesus, waiting for her final call.

SHE

Exchanged mortality for life,

OCT. 10, 1794,

Aged 38.

"SHE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

"What say the happy dead?
 She bids me bear my load,
 With silent steps proceed,
 And follow her to God;
 Till life's uneasy dream,
 In rapture shall depart,
 She bids me give, like her,
 To Christ my BLEEDING HEART."

Underneath the same stone lies also the remains of MARTHA, my second daughter. She was a lovely child, the darling of her mother, and seemed to partake much of her sweet, open temper; which of course endeared her so much the more to me. She died of a consumption, the foundation of which was laid by the small pox, which she took in the natural way about ten months before. During her tedious affliction, she suffered much; and although resigned in a good degree, yet she was considerably affected at the thoughts of death. She would often repeat her little hymns and prayers, particularly these words,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee."

The manner of her repeating these lines, convinced me that she sensibly felt them; and I was led to request the Lord would manifest to her infant mind, in a way he knew, such a degree of that glory to which I saw my child hastening, as would at once comfort her in her pain, and encourage my poor heart, the wounds of which, being ready on this occasion to bleed afresh. The Lord graciously condescended. About two hours before her spirit got the signal for dismissal, she was uncommonly restless, and would not be left for a moment. She was perfectly sensible to the last.—Talked about various things with a

loud voice, distinct and clear. She then suddenly stopped; and, after a short pause, cried aloud,—“It is *me* he means.—*Sally* (calling the maid) it is *me* he means—I say he calls for *me*! Come *Sally*, be quick and bring me my *white things*—There they are—I must have them all on! O *Sally*, I am fine—How clear and beautiful I look, don’t I? I am dressed *all in white*!” In one minute after this, she turned upon her right side, and breathed no more!

O what a joyful reception would she meet from her darling Mother, who would, no doubt be waiting to receive her happy spirit, and present it to her adorable Lord! and with what joy do they now both behold HIS FACE, who purchased the crowns they wear!

It was on March 23, 1795, my child took her flight to paradise; aged 4 years, 1 month and 23 days.

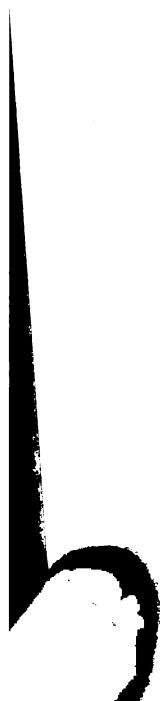
Upon her grave-stone are the following lines:

“Angels rejoice, a child is born
 Into your happier world above;
 Let poor short-sighted mortals mourn,
 While on the wings of heavenly love,
 An everlasting spirit flies,
 To claim her kindred in the skies.”

J. R.

FINIS.







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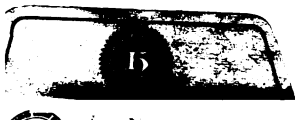
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**An account of the experience of Mrs
Andover-Harvard**

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the 1990s, the number of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia has increased in the United Kingdom (Meltzer 1996). The prevalence of schizophrenia in the United Kingdom is estimated to be 1.2% (Meltzer 1996).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the lives of people with mental health problems. The United Kingdom has a number of government departments and agencies that are responsible for the care of people with mental health problems. The Department of Health is responsible for the overall policy and strategy for mental health care. The Department of Social Security is responsible for the provision of social security benefits to people with mental health problems. The Department of the Environment is responsible for the provision of housing and other services to people with mental health problems. The Department of Transport is responsible for the provision of transport services to people with mental health problems.

The Department of Health has a number of initiatives aimed at improving the lives of people with mental health problems. The Mental Health Act 1983 was amended in 1990 to give people with mental health problems more control over their own care. The Mental Health Act 1993 was introduced to give people with mental health problems more control over their own care. The Mental Health Act 1993 was introduced to give people with mental health problems more control over their own care. The Mental Health Act 1993 was introduced to give people with mental health problems more control over their own care.

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